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## THE TWO GREAT POWERS OF THE FUTURE.

ALTHOUGH the remote future of the world has no very direct bearing upon our present interests, and may, indeed, be very well left to take care of itself, men have at all times loved to busy themselves with it, and to plan it out according to their fancies and their hopes. It is natural enough that this habit should be peculiarly strong in a new country like the United States, whose citizens, having no ancient glories to linger over, naturally turn their thoughts the more intently towards the career which lies open to them, and to the achievements by which they anticipate for their country a great and leading place in the world's history. It is equally natural that their ideas of their "manifest destiny" should have been considerably enlarged by the result of the late civil war; and that, finding themselves at last in a fair way to consolidate their loosely compacted States into one strong and consolidated empire, they should look with increased eagerness to fields of labour and of conquest beyond their own borders. If their speculations on these points had no influence on their actions we should scarcely think them worth more than a very cursory notice; but speculations on what is likely to happen often lead to efforts to bring about the thing desired or expected. The policy of a nation is coloured by its hopes; and it is therefore not unimportant to see what are the hopes of educated and thoughtful Americans. Some insight into this matter may be gained from a couple of articles which have lately appeared in our able New York contemporary, the *Round Table*,—articles which we are inclined to think represent very faithfully the visions of the future which are floating before the eyes of our cousins across the Atlantic. The writer of these articles is of opinion that there will be only two great Powers of the future—Russia and America. All the European States, with the exception of the Tartar despotism, are, in his opinion, waning, wearing out, and becoming effete. Slowly, but certainly, Russia is to extend her boundaries and her power over nearly the whole Eastern hemisphere, which will owe mainly to her its advance in Christian progress and enlightenment. From her is to proceed a fresher and more vigorous form of civilization than any of which we are yet in possession in the effete old world; and, so far as we can gather, the crowning triumphs of liberty are to be won in Asia and Europe by a nation and a race which has not yet attained the most rudimentary notions of freedom, but bows down before its Czar as to a fetish or an idol. In the Western world the course of events is not less plain. The constitution of the United States, of which "ten years ago men talked in a strain which seemed to make it of considerably greater efficiency than God's constitution of the world," is no longer to stand in the way of that destiny which calls upon the country to become an empire. The founders of the Republic did their best to render conquest impossible, by making no provision for maintaining governments in conquered countries, and by enacting that if territories were at any time annexed their denizens should become at once not subjects, but citizens of the United States. All that, however, is now to be changed. The Great Republic is henceforth to take her place amongst conquering nations, and rival the Powers of the Old World in her subject races. Canada, of course, will be absorbed; becoming an integral portion of the Union if the Canadians are wise enough to apply in time, or a subject dependency if they

hesitate too long to renounce an independence which is inconvenient and annoying to the neighbouring State. Any notion of consulting their wishes or respecting their rights is utterly ignored. It seems to be thought quite a sufficient justification for compelling them to become, whether they will or no, citizens of the great Republic that "our people are already weary of the miserable impediments to commerce on their northern frontier, and the teeming millions of our agricultural population will ultimately demand with reason why the Lakes and the St. Lawrence should be held against them by one-tenth or one-twentieth of their number." With regard to the Mexicans, their fate may be easily anticipated. Now that the empire of Maximilian is destroyed—and it is no longer necessary for political purposes to pretend to a belief in an impossible Mexican republic—the fellow-countrymen of Juarez are vigorously and, we believe, quite truthfully described as a "horde of half-domesticated wild beasts," who are utterly incapable of governing themselves. There must be an empire over them strong enough to rule them with a rod of steel; and we need hardly say that that empire can only be the United States. Yucatan and Central America will, as a matter of course, share the same fate. But not even yet is the conquering course of the great Republic to be stayed. For some little time she may be content to intervene and arbitrate between the peoples of South America in their constant strifes, but "intervention will infallibly, as in a hundred other instances, become first occupation, and then dominion;" and at last she will attain to the full height of her power and the extent of her dominion as the mistress of the Western hemisphere.

Such is the sort of dream in which it appears that intelligent and educated Americans love to indulge. They may think that they disguise the lust of conquest which lies at the basis of such a programme as that we have just sketched, by strenuous professions that it will be their aim and object to give to "inferior people" the benefit of wise and beneficial Governments; but we have heard too much of that sort of thing before, as a defence of conquest and aggression, to place much confidence in it, or to be hoodwinked by it. It is impossible not to see that from first to last there is an entire putting aside any idea of "right," or any notion that the "inferior people" may prefer their own bad Governments to the good ones which it will be the mission of the United States to enforce upon them. If, indeed, that mission was confined to a people like the Mexicans; if the power of the Republic was to be exerted mainly in order to rescue one of the fairest and most productive regions of the earth from the dominion of a set of cut-throats; no one would find fault with the pursuit of conquest under such limits. But the profound immorality of the whole scheme is at once visible when we look at the manner in which the Canadians are to be treated. It is not pretended that they cannot and do not govern themselves well; on the contrary, they are pronounced worthy of immediate admission to the ranks of United States citizenship. But simply because it is annoying to the great State to have a small one in its neighbourhood, they are to be told that whether they like it or not they must consent to annexation. Whatever may be in store for us in the future, it is evident that if the policy of great nations is to be founded on principles like this, improved ideas of Political Justice, and greater fidelity to its teachings, will not be included in the blessings to which we may look forward. We can, however,

hardly wonder that a nation which aspires to rule the world in partnership with Russia, should display much regard for anything higher or better than force and strength. The admiration of the Americans for that Power; their apparent faith in her; their confidence that she not only is to be the mistress of the Eastern world, but that it is good for the Eastern world that she should be so—are, indeed, so many indications of an unsound and unhealthy state of public opinion. Russia has hitherto done nothing for civilization, and there is not the slightest reason to think that she ever will. So far as Europe is concerned her influence has always been thrown into the balance adverse to freedom; nor is there any ground for asserting that she has done anything to raise the character of the rude Asiatic tribes whom she has subjected to her sway. Wherever she goes she imposes a dull, leaden despotism; and, so far as we can judge, there is no probability of a change in the character of her rule within any period about which it is worth while to trouble ourselves. It is certainly strange that the citizens of that which professes to be the freest country in the world, and which is certainly one of the most intelligent, should bestow their sympathies upon such a nation rather than upon Englishmen, Frenchmen, or Germans. It is, however, consolatory to reflect that there is but little reason to fear the realization of our contemporary's prophecies so far as the Old World is concerned. It is only a very prejudiced, and we must say a very ill-informed observer, who can see nothing but effete-ness in the Powers of Western Europe, and nothing but growth and progress in the great Empire of the East. It would be nearer the truth to say that while the West of Europe is making a steady advance in wealth, in power, and in freedom, Russia is at the best stationary. It is true that from time to time she annexes a fresh district of Central Asia, and thus extends the boundaries of an already overgrown empire. But mere provinces constitute no addition to the strength of a State which is not growing in material prosperity, and in which social disorganization increases from year to year. Every class in Russia is at the present moment discontented, and almost all have, more or less, cause to complain of their condition. No one who knows anything of the condition of the country would be astonished if it were, within the next few years, to become the scene of revolution; and revolution in Russia would, in all probability, lead to the disruption of the empire. But whether that be so or not, we cannot help asking our American contemporaries what solid reason they can assign for the belief that Europe is now less able, or is likely at any future period to be less able, than it has hitherto been to defend itself against the aggression of a semi-barbarous Power? Why, again, should England be unable to hold her own on the frontiers of India? Why should "manifest destiny" which, in the New World, awards rule and predominance to superiority of race, confer these things in the Old World upon an essentially low, stolid, and brutal people; subjecting to Tartars and Mongols the nations who represent the intellect, and carry on the progress of the world? For our own part we are not at all alarmed at the bugbear of a gigantic Russian empire; nor, for the matter of that, are we a whit more frightened at the thought of its still more gigantic companion on the other side of the Atlantic. Observant American statesmen have already remarked a tendency on the part of the Pacific States to treat very lightly their connection with the Union; and although, in the full flush of their recent triumph over the South, the Americans may well believe that nothing can imperil the unity of their State, it will be very strange if distance from the seat of government, variety of interests, and gradually developing differences of character, do not introduce elements of dissolution into their empire long before it has reached the colossal dimensions on which the *Round Table* so confidently calculates. Wild, however, as we deem the notion that the United States and Russia are at some time to divide the world between them, the fact that such ideas are obtaining currency on the other side of the Atlantic must not be lost sight of when we are attempting to foresee the policy of the Republic. It is sufficient at present to say that these influences cannot be of a pacific kind; and that they are not likely to infuse into the diplomacy of the States a conciliatory or moderate bearing towards other countries.

#### MILITARY ASPECT OF ABYSSINIA.

WHETHER the report of the release of the prisoners in Abyssinia be correct or not, the Government deserve credit for the prompt and energetic manner in which they set about organizing the expedition. Vessels have been surveyed and chartered for the transport of troops and stores, and also to

serve as floating hospitals. An expeditionary force is being organized at Bombay. Commissariat officers, with veterinary surgeons, are hurrying to the principal ports of the Mediterranean to purchase mules for the inland transport service of this force. Sir Robert Napier has been named as Commander-in-Chief, and General Staveley as the second in command of the expedition, and are already engaged in its organization at Bombay. Our supremacy in the East, and the necessity of upholding our prestige, prevent us from allowing our fellow-countrymen to be longer held in bondage, and our summons for their release to be treated with indifference or contempt. All that we can now do is, by patient inquiry and careful preparation, to insure, as far as human prescience can insure it, the successful issue of the expedition.

The British captives who are, or were, retained by King Theodore were supposed to be confined, according to the latest reliable accounts, in or near Magdala, a town which lies about three hundred and fifty miles from the sea-coast. The capital of King Theodore is at Gondar, about one hundred miles to the north of Magdala, and about three hundred miles from the coast. One or other of these towns will in all probability form the objective point of the expedition. The latter, on account of many considerations, would appear to be the one likely, at least in the first place, to be selected. It is much easier of access than Magdala. It is probable that the presence of a European enemy in his capital would cause King Theodore to surrender his prisoners; and even if he did not do so, Gondar does not lie far off the route by which Magdala itself could be most easily approached. Whoever will glance at a decent map of the western coast of the Red Sea (of these, unfortunately, there are very few), will notice only three harbours of any importance marked in the coast-line of Abyssinia. These are Massowah, in the north, near the frontiers of Nubia, with the considerable indentation of Ansley Bay close beside it. About one hundred miles further to the south lies Amphilla Bay; and quite in the south Tadjurra, whence a road, or rather track, leads directly west to Ankober, the capital of the province of Shoa. The western coast of the Red Sea, as far as Abyssinia is concerned, consists of a flat, barren waste of sand, which extends inland until it meets the spurs of the easternmost range of hills which form the so-called Abyssinian highlands. These highlands extend westwards far beyond Gondar and Magdala, and beyond any point to which it would be necessary even to detach a flying column. The character of the lowland sand is unhealthy, hot, and devoid of any water. The highlands are generally healthy and temperate in climate, except where the valley of the Tachazze, running from the south-east of Gondar to the north-west of the country, and ultimately to the Nile, cleaves a narrow rent through the mountains. This valley is about eight miles broad, and about two thousand feet deep. It reeks with miasma, which rises from stagnant water and dense vegetation. Except in this valley, there appears to be no symptom of any of the dense jungle with which correspondents of the *Times*, arguing from the west coast of Africa, persist in clothing the whole of Abyssinia. So much for a general view of the climate of the two physical divisions of the country. It is evident that the object of the commander of such an expedition as that at present contemplated, must be to reach the highlands as quickly as possible, and to avoid as much as possible the low sandy country. In this way he will offer as little scope for action as possible to his principal foe—sickness.

The mountains of Abyssinia do not run parallel to the sea-coast. In the north, near Massowah, they approach to within eighty miles of the shore; opposite Amphilla Bay they are over one hundred miles distant, while from Tadjurra, the road lies, for three hundred miles, over the hot country before it reaches the hills. For this reason, Massowah or Ansley Bay would appear the place best suited to be made the base of operations. Other causes contribute to the same conclusion. The harbours of Massowah and Ansley Bay are large, and yet sheltered. A landing can easily and safely be effected there. The country is better known in this direction than in any other, and the roads into the interior are not so difficult as those from the southern parts. When the army properly organized is landed at Massowah, a small force pushed forward to the mountains could, with comparative ease, secure the egresses from the nearest passes and cover the march of the main body over the sandy plain. When the mountains were once reached, the difficulties of progress would begin, but the danger to health would be comparatively surpassed. The hills are high, steep, and rugged. The roads, so called, are mere footpaths. An advance would necessarily be slow, but by no means impossible. The commencement of this century saw the practical application of the adage that where one man can walk an army can pass.

There will be no cause to halt in the valley of the Tachazze. It seems indeed probable that by moving along the eastern hills this valley can be entirely avoided; when once clear of it, the army could turn to its right and move almost directly upon Gondar. This route is almost identical with that of the caravan road from Massowah to Ankober, which may be reasonably presumed to be one of the best in the country. Public opinion seems to have concluded that the expedition will meet with no opposition from the enemy; and that King Theodore, if we have to fight him, will intrust his defence to those two great generals, Sickness and Famine. This conclusion may possibly be right. It may also, however, be totally wrong. At present we hear that he is surrounded by rebels, who are expected to give us aid. Is it not much more likely, however, that the presence of a foreign invader will give the Emperor the opportunity of patching up internal differences, and that all the now jarring elements of the country will band together to resist us? It is well known what enormous forces Theodore has been able within a few years to persuade to follow him into the field. The Abyssinian cavalry is known to be formidable, and has a fair field for annoying us during a march across the waterless flat from Massowah to the mountains. No doubt ten thousand Indian troops, with two European battalions, accompanied by artillery and Sikh cavalry, will form an imposing and probably sufficient force. But let us not despise our enemy. It will be certainly injudicious if the British battalions selected for the service should not be equipped with the breech-loading rifle.

Whether for fighting against enemies, or for pushing its way through mountains and plains, the expeditionary force must indubitably be carefully organized. Where to conduct this organization will be one of the most delicate questions which Sir Robert Napier will have to solve. The troops and staff can undoubtedly be collected at Bombay, and shipped thence straight to Massowah. But where are the commissariat and transport services to be arranged. The majority of the animals required for these services are being bought in Egypt and on the coasts of the Mediterranean. They must be sent across the Isthmus of Suez, and then shipped to some place where they can be divided among the different departments, fitted with harness, perhaps broken, certainly to some degree trained, and provided with either carriages or gear. It seems waste of both time and money to send them to Bombay, to keep them there for some weeks, and then to ship them back to Massowah not far short of Suez. Yet what else can be done? To waste all the time required in the preparation of the expedition in the unhealthy neighbourhood of Massowah, would be to court disease and death among both animals and men. To organize the expedition at Aden is impossible. No water exists there except such as is stored up and doled out in a daily gallon to each member of the garrison. The advent of twelve thousand troops, with some ten thousand camp followers, and a much larger number of pack and baggage animals and chargers, would cause an immediate famine. The island of Perim is utterly out of the question. The Viceroy might, in all probability with great pleasure, allow us to organize all our departmental services in the valley of the Nile. The expenditure of English money around Cairo in such proportions as an English commissariat alone can spread it would be extremely beneficial to Egypt. There is also a chance that some pickings to the Egyptian Government may accrue from the expedition. We may reach Gondar and subdue Abyssinia. We certainly shall never hold it. It may be convenient some day to recognise the vague claims which viceroys of Egypt have already asserted to the sovereignty of the country. The prejudices of Indian officialism will, however, never allow Egypt to be thought of as a starting-place. It would be equally impossible to attempt to persuade the Government of Bombay to obtain permission to use Mocha as a primary base of operations.

The organization of the expedition will, no doubt, be a work of great difficulty. Fortunately, the names of the two leaders are a guarantee that the difficulty will be efficiently coped with. The officers despatched to purchase the transport animals left England only at the beginning of this week. It will hardly be possible for the expedition to leave its primary base of operations, which at present we must conclude to be Bombay, until the beginning of December. Not much before Christmas can the advance from Massowah take place. Even then there will, let us hope, be time to finish the work before the rains, which in Abyssinia fall from June till the beginning of November. During the rains the whole country is impassable. At other times it is fertile and smiling in the highland region. Should the force be surprised in the highlands by the rains, there will be almost no resource left but to remain there till they have passed over. We can only trust that no stay of such duration may be necessary.

## MR. GLADSTONE AS THE LIBERAL LEADER.

THE old political landmarks are fast disappearing. New creeds are gaining ground. The old party watchwords are losing all significance. After the events of the last session the word Tory is obsolete, and Whig is meaningless. The old lights have flickered out. It is no longer to the *Quarterly* or *Edinburgh Reviews* that we look for the views of the two great parties. Each has abused its own leader. Each has misunderstood the time. It was natural, however, that the great Tory *Quarterly* should oppose Mr. Disraeli's Reform, but that its Liberal rival should fail to comprehend Mr. Gladstone's true position is at first sight incomprehensible. But age creeps over even *Quarterlies*. As has been said, one is senile, and the other is anile. They both dream of the past. The spirit of Croker lives in the one, and of the Elliots in the other. As Napoleon said of the Bourbons, the two great *Quarterlies*, since they were started, have learnt nothing, and forgotten nothing. They play the same old tunes. And yet it is but natural. The old night-watchmen never could be brought to believe that London could possibly be safe for an hour in the hands of policemen, and the oil-trade declared the city would be blown up the next day if gas was permitted. But others, at all events, can read the signs of the times. Others, at all events, perceive that since Lord Palmerston's death the two great parties—Whigs and Tories—have really disappeared from the political stage, and are supplanted by Conservatives and Radicals. The old Tory of the Sibthorp stamp lives only in mere tradition. Lord Cranborne, General Peel, and Lord Carnarvon, are not Tories in the Eldonian sense. The old Whig, too, is disappearing—Earl Russell survives only to show us the Lord John of '32.

These reflections will occur to most people who may happen to read an able and interesting article entitled "The Achievements and the Moral of 1867," in the new number of the *North British Review*. As the reviewer says, parties have changed views; what we believed to be most stable has proved weakest. Principles have been abandoned for place. Confidence in public men has received a shock. And the reviewer then proceeds to contrast the conflict of 1867 with those of 1832 and 1846. "The scene exhibited this year in Parliament bears no similarity to either of these. And even in the most indulgent view that can be found, it seems impossible to deny that the Conservative leaders have displayed a disingenuousness, and their followers a mingled shortsightedness, for which no decent explanation or creditable excuse can be alleged." The reviewer, however, forgets, what most of us also forget, but which the recently published volumes of Lord Grey's correspondence with William IV. have confirmed, that the same trick which Mr. Disraeli has played in 1867 was contemplated by the Tories in 1832. As Lord Grey's words are so remarkable, and have generally escaped notice, we venture to quote them. "The belief that such an arrangement was in progress excited extreme indignation in the country. Lord Milton declared that if the Duke of Wellington, after his former protest against the Bill, were to form an administration on the principle of passing the Bill, it would be an act of public immorality." What, however, was then thought to be indecent in the Duke of Wellington is now deemed honourable in Mr. Disraeli. It is, however, but just to say, that confidence in public men received its first shock when Sir Robert Peel seceded from the Protectionists. Mr. Disraeli has this session imitated the conduct which he then pretended to reprobate. He has displayed a cynicism and a laxity of principle which is, perhaps, without parallel. But not only have parties in 1867 changed views, but party government has been entirely broken up. A general disintegration has taken place. His own followers have rebelled against Mr. Disraeli. The same fate has befallen Mr. Gladstone. The sarcasms of General Peel and Lord Cranborne reveal their and their party's measure of distrust in their leader. The open mutiny of the tea-room showed the breach between Mr. Gladstone and a section of the Liberals. The curious point, however, is, that the leader who broke his pledges to his party, and sacrificed each security, has been successful, whilst the statesman who preferred principle to stratagem and duty to place has failed. The fault, however, has not lain with Mr. Gladstone, but with the Liberal party. As the *North British Reviewer* points out:—"The main fault of the Liberal party—the moderate and rational Liberals, we mean, of whom Mr. Gladstone is or ought to be the leader—was, as it so often has been, want of moral courage. They had not, as the French express it, the courage of their convictions." This is the true cause of Mr. Gladstone's seeming failure, for it is only seeming. This is the reason why, as we were lately told by a well-known Liberal paper, he has lost ground. But he has only lost ground apparently, just as Mr. Disraeli has only

apparently gained it. The same cause—Liberal timidity—contributed to the apparent success of the one and the apparent failure of the other. Cowardice was the sin of the Liberals this session. Whenever Mr. Disraeli threatened a dissolution their courage failed. They did not dare say that Mr. Disraeli's "residuum" was opposed to Liberalism. They, in short, betrayed their cause. They have handicapped the real elector—their former friend—the artisan, with the votes of the rabble. It was Mr. Gladstone who had both the clear insight to perceive and the moral courage to denounce this injustice. And though, for the time, he may have lost ground, yet men will know where, in the hour of danger, will be found a statesman who will be bold enough to despise a fleeting popularity—be bold enough, too, to withstand the "ugly rush" of mere numbers, and to prevent the principles of liberty from degenerating into those of demagogism. This is the true lesson to be learnt from Mr. Gladstone's conduct this session. What others, too, condemn as faults, we regard as virtues. Inferior minds, like those of Canning or Palmerston, have need of social qualifications, but Mr. Gladstone can dispense with them. In the reformed Parliaments of the future such aids will have less weight than at present. A statesman then will be looked up to not for his power of chicanery and plausibility, such as Mr. Disraeli has this session shown; not for connections, such as the old Whig families possessed; not for pliability of temper, but for moral principle and earnestness of purpose. Then will Mr. Gladstone's character be seen in its true light. What will be demanded in a Reformed Parliament will not be a party leader so much as a leader of the people. As Lord Carnarvon remarked, the House will then play to a very different audience to what it now does. It will play to the galleries, and not to the boxes. And then that human sympathy which Mr. Gladstone has so often shown—that sympathy which has been so ridiculed, that earnestness which has made half-hearted Liberals rebel this session from his authority, will place him in harmony with the mass of his countrymen, and thus give him by natural right the leadership, not of a mere party, but of the people. Even now, as the *North British Reviewer* well says:—"No public man for many a long day, unless it be Mr. Cobden—certainly no Minister since Canning—has taken so curiously firm a hold on the imagination of the people. The fire and finish of his eloquence, the intensity and fierceness of his emotions (which few politicians have ever shown so strongly), his singular mixture of the scholar and the tribune, the daringness and brilliant success of his finance, his vehement popular—or rather human—sympathies, and, perhaps more than all, his intellectual power of belief, and his moral courage in acting up to his beliefs, have actually fascinated the usually unimaginative English nation." Such qualities are precisely those which must tell upon a Reformed House of Commons, where the members will be more *en rapport* than now with their constituencies. And if we look back upon Mr. Gladstone's career from the day on which he wrote his "Church and State" to the present hour, we shall find it marked by a consistent advance. The chief characteristic of his mind is its progressiveness. It is this very quality which has so much contributed to separate him from the pure Whigs of the old school. They cannot forgive that progressive nature which has so often sympathized with his own flesh and blood. His nature is, in short, too rich and too deep for them. But, as we have said, the Whigs are disappearing. If any one, however, has any lingering doubts as to Mr. Gladstone's future policy, it will at all events be dispelled by his letter published this week to the London Working Men's Association. Its clearness and certainty stand out in contrast to Lord Russell's hesitation and doubts. Mr. Gladstone's only regret is that the redistribution of seats has not been treated in a more comprehensive manner, and that the borough franchise is hampered with the irrational provision of payment of rates through the owner. This is an earnest of Mr. Gladstone's future policy, which we may all of us accept with thankfulness. There are points indeed upon which Mr. Gladstone is at variance with the great bulk of the Liberal party. But now that he has separated himself from his old constituency at Oxford, and represents not a mere section of one class, we will trust that his progressive tendencies, which, in spite of so many obstacles, have lifted him above all narrow party traditions, will more and more bring him into unison on other matters with the Liberals. A mind like his cannot stand still.

#### THE "ALABAMA" CLAIMS.

The diplomatic correspondence between Lord Stanley and Mr. Seward which has just been published is not favourable to

an early settlement of the pending questions between England and the United States. If, indeed, we could believe that the American Minister faithfully represents the opinions and feelings of the great body of his countrymen, we should be led to despair of any settlement at all, except in the way and by the means that we should most deplore. Although his despatches are not wanting in formal courtesy, they are characterized by the strongest inclination to widen rather than narrow the grounds of difference, and they are throughout marked by an evident determination to accumulate on the head of Great Britain all the faults of omission or commission which can be charged against her without making the slightest allowance for any extenuating circumstances, or even recognising the services which she undoubtedly rendered to the United States on more than one critical occasion. Even if it were true that our admission of the belligerent rights of the Confederacy was somewhat premature, it would not have been forgotten by a fair or candid opponent that France and the other European Powers are equally liable to reproach on this score; still less that it was the influence of England, exerted at a time when the fortunes of the North were at their lowest ebb, which alone prevented that recognition of Southern independence which the Emperor Napoleon was eager to concede. If the sympathies of individual Englishmen for the rebels, and the humane assistance rendered by Mr. Lancaster to the seamen who escaped from the sinking *Alabama*, were considered fit topics for notice in a diplomatic correspondence, it might also have been borne in mind that the great bulk of the English nation were throughout the struggle on the side of the Federals; and if it be the fact that large quantities of arms and munitions of war found their way from our shores to the ports of Charleston and Wilmington, it is certainly not less a fact that far larger supplies of the same kind of stores were exported to New York and Boston. If four or five vessels, subsequently armed and commissioned as Confederate cruisers, did evade the vigilance of our Government and escape from our ports, it is not fair to pass over in silence the much larger number of ships which were prevented from leaving; or to ignore the difficulty of defeating the subtle devices of those who carried on illegal ventures under the cloak of a perfectly innocent and lawful traffic in unarmed vessels. It is quite possible that Lord Palmerston's Government may in certain cases have failed to act with sufficient vigour in enforcing our Foreign Enlistment Act, but it cannot be denied that they were placed in circumstances of great embarrassment. Even if they are liable to blame for some default, they are also entitled to great credit for their honest, and in the main successful endeavours to maintain the neutrality of England. And if Mr. Seward were really desirous of bringing about an accommodation, he would not, as he does in these despatches, sedulously exaggerate all the causes of grievance which his country has against England, without noticing, even in the most cursory manner, anything which is calculated to remove or to soften the feelings of irritation that unhappily exist.

It would be bad enough if there were nothing more in Mr. Seward's notes, than a general unfriendliness and asperity of tone. But it is a far more serious circumstance that he has contrived to enlarge the grounds of controversy to an extent which renders a settlement a work of almost insuperable difficulty. Although the Government of the United States have always protested against our early recognition of the belligerent rights of the South, they were originally content to rest their claims to compensation solely upon our supposed negligence in permitting the *Alabama* and other cruisers to leave our ports. But no sooner do we offer to refer the latter question to arbitration, than we are told that this will not suffice; that we must also consent to refer the other and still larger issue; and that we must leave it to some third party to decide not merely upon a definite claim arising out of an imputed breach of international law, but upon the propriety of a particular line of policy not the subject of regulation by international law, and lying—according to Mr. Seward himself—perfectly within the discretion and authority of England as a sovereign Power. The more conciliatory we show ourselves, the more extravagant are the pretensions put forth on the other side. In such a line of conduct we cannot help seeing a disposition to demand from us concession after concession, until we are at last left face to face with the alternative of either breaking off all negotiations, or submitting to an unequivocal national humiliation. There can, we should hope, be no doubt as to the course to be adopted under such circumstances. Even the most extreme partisans of the United States can hardly deny that Lord Stanley's offer of arbitration was a perfectly fair one, and that if it had been accepted it would have brought about at no distant period an amicable and satis-

factory settlement of this disagreeable and dangerous controversy. According to the terms of that offer it would have been the duty of the arbitrator to decide "whether in the matters connected with the vessels out of whose depredations the claims of American citizens have arisen, the course pursued by the British Government, and by those who acted under its authority, was such as would involve moral responsibility on the part of the British Government to make good either in whole or in part the losses of American citizens." Then if the decision of the arbitrator was unfavourable to the British view, the examination of the several claims of citizens of the United States as against England, and of English subjects against the United States, would have been referred to a mixed commission, in order that they might assess the amount of compensation payable in each case. Nothing could be more equitable or businesslike; but instead of closing with the proposition, Mr. Seward not only demanded that the arbitrator should be called upon to pass judgment upon the time and mode of our recognition of Southern belligerent rights, but he insisted that all the "mutual claims which arose during the civil war between citizens and subjects of the two countries should be adjusted by one and the same form of tribunal with like and the same forms, and on principles common to all." Nothing could be more preposterous than the latter proposition, if it was made with any other intention than to put a stop to further negotiation, because, as Lord Stanley pointed out in his reply, there are no principles common to all the cases referred to. While the cases which arise out of the proceedings of the *Alabama* and similar vessels depend on the solution of the question which his lordship proposed to refer to an arbitrator, the others depend upon a variety of circumstances and considerations of the most difficult and the most complicated character. The settlement of the latter claims, as well as the determination of the actual amount payable in respect of each capture made by the *Alabama* and her consorts (if we are held responsible for their doings) is work which can only be undertaken or satisfactorily performed by a competent mixed commission—the tribunal to which matters of this kind are invariably referred. We quite concur with Mr. Seward in thinking that it would be easier for Great Britain to acknowledge and satisfy the claims of the United States than to find an arbitrator willing and able to undertake the reference which he wishes to impose upon that unfortunate individual; but that only increases our indignation at the tactics which are employed in order to render a fair arbitration impossible, and at the insolent levity of the suggestion that England should save further trouble by at once going down on her knees before the United States, making frank confession of her errors, and paying the sum demanded of her. It is difficult to avoid a suspicion that both in this observation, and in the remarks in which Mr. Seward takes credit to the United States for not having recognised the Irish Republic, there lurks a deliberate purpose of annoyance, if not of insult. We do not indeed regret that he referred to the Fenian conspiracy, because he thus gave Lord Stanley an opportunity of expressing, in restrained but perfectly explicit language, the opinion which most Englishmen entertain in respect to the manner in which that organization has been dealt with by the Government of the United States.

It is unnecessary, and it would certainly be tedious, to go once more through the discussion of our liability for the captures made by the *Alabama*. This correspondence throws no new light on that point; and, so far as we are concerned, we are in a position now to reply to any future claims or arguments on that score:—"We have offered you arbitration, and you have refused." The main stress of Mr. Seward's argument in these despatches is devoted to the question of our recognition of the belligerent rights of the Confederacy. He still insists that a mere "domestic disturbance" received from the British Government "the baptismal name of civil war;" and he even goes so far as to contend, that if we had refrained from giving that name to the rebellion of the States of the Union, it would have remained a mere "local insurrection," and have died out, —perhaps in the ninety days which he originally fixed for its duration! It is difficult to place entire confidence in the good faith with which propositions so manifestly absurd are put forth; nor is it necessary to discuss them seriously. We are quite content to rest with Lord Stanley upon the fact that we did not recognise the belligerent rights of the South until after the President of the United States had himself recognised them by the issue of his proclamation of blockade. It is in vain for Mr. Seward to argue that this proclamation amounted to no more than a closing of the Southern ports. It amounted to very much more, as every one knows, because it involved the assertion of a right on the part of the Government issuing it

to arrest and seize on the high seas any vessel destined for a blockaded port; and that is a right which no nation can exercise except in time of war. Indeed, the Superior Court of the United States, acting upon this doctrine, has expressly held "that the proclamation of blockade is itself official and conclusive evidence that a state of war existed." Mr. Seward attempts to get over the effect of this declaration, by contending that it does not assert that the President's proclamation expressly, or in any form, recognised the existence of civil war; but that is wholly immaterial. But it is sufficient for our purpose that it should assert, as it does, that the power which the President expressed his intention of putting in force, is inconsistent with anything but a state of war. It is, indeed, plain enough, although Mr. Seward shrinks from saying so distinctly, that what he really means is that we ought to have allowed the United States to exercise belligerent rights on the high seas as against our own commerce, for the purpose of putting down a "domestic disturbance;" that so far as the Federals were concerned, the state of things should have been treated as one of civil war, while in reference to the Confederates, and to ourselves, it should have been considered as one of mere local insurrection; that the Government of Washington should, in fact, have been allowed to blow hot and cold with the same breath, just as it suited their purpose, and should have been permitted to use any sort of weapons on which they could lay their hands, without submitting to the rules and conditions by which such use has hitherto been regulated amongst civilized nations. We trust that whatever may be at present the case, his countrymen may before long be induced to take a more moderate view of their rights, and may be brought to see that it is slightly unreasonable to complain because the rules of international law, and the convenience and the interests of other nations were not entirely subordinated to the one object of suppressing the rebellion of the Southern States. But whether that be or be not the case, it is clear that we have now taken up a position from which we cannot recede. Having consented to send to arbitration the only question which is the legitimate subject of such a reference, the most ordinary regard for our national self-respect and our national dignity require us to persist in refusing to take the opinion of any foreign authority on an act of State policy for which we are responsible to no other Power.

#### IRELAND AND THE REFORM LEAGUE.

GIVING Mr. Beales and Mr. Ernest Jones every credit for the design which prompted their expedition to Ireland, we think that mission was undertaken in complete ignorance of the people and of the country they had to deal with. Constitutional agitation is a thing of the past where Fenianism shows itself. That complicate national feeling which pervades England, and which gives a bond of interest to the Radical and the Conservative, which makes both proud of the nation in which they live, is quite unknown where there are two hostile camps and a chronic growth of grievances of so obstinate and so absorbing a character that the mere elementary politics disappear before them at once. Orangemen will regard Mr. Beales as an emissary of Stephens or Roberts, and Mr. Beales's audience or Mr. Jones's audience, at the Rotunda, would greet either of those gentleman all the louder if they came so accredited. To talk to the Dublin Roman Catholic artisans upon the franchise when they are thinking of the Established Church or a parliament in College-green, is simply a waste of words. There is in Ireland no body of men corresponding with those who compose the League. The towns are too small and too poor to become centres of effective agitation. It required O'Connell to travel from one end of the country to the other, night and day, and to establish an organization dragged together by constant labour and exertion on his own part, before he could effect anything like an imposing union of sentiment among the masses. The peasants have only to be told that Mr. Jones is a Protestant and that Mr. Beales is another to turn a deaf ear to all the proceedings inaugurated or suggested by those gentlemen. The Dublin artisans who might from curiosity attend the Rotunda lecture would be attracted by the patronage of The O'Donoghue, whom they regard with a singular favour, and, for all his protestations to the contrary, believe to be favourable to insurrectionary principles. For our own part, we have always advocated liberal measures for Ireland, and we should be glad to see her receive every benefit that could be derived from a Reform Bill. That benefits would be conferred by it in some notable points is undeniable. Anything that would abate the despotic power of bad landlords over their tenants would tend to better the con-

dition of the country. It is natural too that if a Reform party be started in Ireland it should co-operate with English Reformers. But why did not the Irish priests and patriots of whom we hear so much, and the Irish members of Parliament, commence to agitate the question? Why should it be left to Mr. Beales or to Mr. Ernest Jones to take it in hand? The warmth of Mr. Jones we believe to far exceed his discretion, and the topic which he selected to descant upon was about as dangerous and as ill-advised a theme as he could have chosen. He dashed into the unequal division of land amongst the aristocracy; described the hardship of the Duke of Cleveland being able to ride twenty-three miles through his own estate; and of the Marquis of Bredalbane being in a position to command a similar luxury to the extent of one hundred miles through his territories. "But the people's Parliament would meet in 1869, and would act upon the monopoly of 30,000 landlords, not by interfering in any unjust manner with their property, but by repealing the laws of settlement, entail, and primogeniture, and creating free trade in land." Can we be surprised that, after such an harangue as this, the sentiment of the audience was expressed by an answer to a question of Mr. Beales, when "republicanism" was openly confessed as the want of the assemblage? Mr. Jones is a dangerous specimen of an English reformer to send to Ireland; and our best consolation is that he addressed the most harmless and good-for-nothing mob in the whole country. The Dublin artisan patriots are worthless for a political purpose, and are quite incapable of combining for a sound or a bad cause, or for any cause that would tax their energies further than marching after a drum-and-five procession. If the Reform cause could make itself sincerely and sensibly felt in Ireland, we should rejoice; but Mr. Jones or Mr. Beales are not the stamp of men to forward it effectually. The tone of the Conference in Dublin will be sufficient to enlist the intelligent Liberalism of Ireland against the general policy represented by the League delegates. If Mr. Jones meant anything, he meant revolution; and even the priests of Ireland protest they would prefer the landlords to revolution. Should Irish politicians rouse themselves to a unity of action with Reformers here, they must do so as well as they can through the Irish members, and take care that those gentlemen do not skulk or shuffle for their own purposes when measures of a liberal character towards Ireland are being promoted. The *Dublin Evening Post*, a sensible journal of Liberal politics, warmly recommends a fraternization between Messrs. Beales and Jones and the friends of liberty, as we suppose we must call them, at the other side of the Channel. Now this alliance should not be accepted without due consideration. Ireland, as the *Post* says, is beginning to be understood by England; popular opinion was never less divided as to the necessity of dealing with her case; but popular opinion will be turned against her case at once, peremptorily and harshly, if it be found that Ireland is to renew a vapouring and disloyal agitation; and there is not a Manchester artisan who might not be enlisted to-morrow to shoot down the Irishmen who would attempt to defy the power of this country, or to remedy the wrongs of their own, by means almost suggested in words by Mr. Ernest Jones. It is because we are friendly to the Liberal cause in Ireland that we write so plainly. When Mr. Beales alludes to his Park victory here, we know what value to set upon the triumph, and we recollect that it was due as much to the stupidity of Mr. Walpole as to the determination of his opponent; but when Mr. Beales alludes to his victory over in Dublin, and talks of it as a typical case—as a case which the Irish people ought to imitate if they want to get all they require, we think the Irish people would do well, before they try the forbearance of this country, to consult some politicians of more temperate complexions than Mr. Jones or Mr. Beales. At present Ireland is not in a fit state for an agitation. With Orange broils, Protestants and Roman Catholics shooting each other in the North, with the Fenian trials only just concluded in the South, with a slow system of starvation depleting the West, with a full tide of emigration setting out from all quarters to America, let the few people who are in the country reap the harvest, listen contentedly to the bovine orations of Lord Abercorn, and settle down to their different occupations, with what heart is left them. We regard the case of Ireland as hopeless unless taken out of her own nerveless and uncertain grasp. She is the prey of jobbers fed upon her own soil, and the victim of innumerable experiments and mistakes which we must rectify, and rectify without consulting our sense of what is due to the worthless domestic garrison of intolerant landholders who scandalize us in the country. The political and social neglect constantly shown towards Ireland is shameful, and this session afforded another example of our general manner when Irish questions have to be dealt with. We are not,

therefore, astonished that Mr. Ernest Jones (who, we believe, is a sincere enthusiast, but who is *not* a representative Englishman) should be applauded at his highest flights, and that Mr. Beales should be cheered when he claimed for the people the power of keeping the parks in spite of the Government. Mr. Bright or Mr. Mill might possibly be of service in forming some sort of public spirit in Ireland, but we are inclined to think that Ireland is in this respect sunk beyond hope of recovery in a sullen apathetic indifference, and that those epileptic throes of Fenianism which we lately witnessed are the last symptoms of a diseased vitality.

#### LORD REDESDALE.

LORD REDESDALE fancies himself the fourth estate of the realm. Even over politics his assumption of authority extends. When the Reform Bill had been finally settled by the Peers, and when it was virtually the law of the land, the spectators of the closing scene were astonished to see the eccentric Chairman of Committees present himself with a kind of veto on the measure. There was nothing in what he said that had not been said fifty times before, but there was that in his manner of saying it that no other speaker had exhibited, namely, a fatuous assurance and self-complacency, as, who should say, "If this country were governed by wisdom, I should be its monarch, and there would be no Reform Bill." Strangers listened with awe. Was this easy spoken, common-looking peer, a resurrection of Lyndhurst? Had the old Marquis of Lansdowne returned to the scene long ruled by his patriarchal authority? Who, in the name of all that was strange, could it be that thus without grace of manner, or evidence of sense or wit, but with a coarse obtrusion of overweening self-importance, interfered as Sir Oracle to pronounce everybody wrong, and the most important enactment of this generation foolish and unjust? Any one who asked these questions was told with a shrug that it was "only Redesdale." And if he still asked "who, then, is Redesdale?" the reply, probably, was—"Oh, a useful enough man in his way, knows all about railways and private Bills, and trips up promoters like anything, but he has nothing to do with politics, and it's good fun to see him pretend that he understands them." Such is the general opinion of Lord Redesdale amongst persons half informed about Parliamentary doings. Those more intimately familiar with them will rather be disposed to concur in the judgment upon Lord Redesdale's character and performances which we are provoked to pronounce. He is as little useful in private legislation as in public. His affectation of superior wisdom is as absurd and more injurious in reference to railways than in reference to reform. Only the apathy of a half-dormant House of Legislature would permit a boorish deputy-President to caricature, as Lord Redesdale does by his gruff and vulgar manner, the ceremonious dignity which ought to attend the deliberations of so stately an assembly, and only the distraction in which men of business live can account for the tolerance by which Lord Redesdale profits to hamper enterprise, to play fantastic tricks of useless authority, and to aggravate, by mistaken correctives, the evils of our railway system. It is one of the scandals of our time that a man of no attainments or judgment; a man incapable of discriminating between the comparative weight of moral considerations; a man devoid of any power except that of remembering, for the inconvenience of others, such technical minutiae as he does not for his own convenience forget; a man, moreover, the unscrupulousness of whose tongue is quite equal to the vacuity of his head, should be in a position not only to imagine himself a fourth estate, but really to exercise, by means of the anomalous jurisdiction of the House of Lords, over private Bills, a wayward but substantial authority almost commensurate with his pretensions. It is a misfortune inseparable from the present torpid condition of the House of Lords that almost any peer who likes to be industrious may wield the whole authority of that House. And in reference to private Bills, as in reference to all others, except Money Bills, the authority of the Lords is co-ordinate with that of the Commons. Thus, it happens that almost any enterprise, however beneficial, if it happens to conflict with the interest or prejudices of any active nobleman, while not enjoying demonstrative adhesion on the part of the public, may be frustrated in select committee with the greatest ease; and what is done in isolated cases by interested lords or primed ones, is done in a capricious, captious way over the whole range of private legislation by the present Chairman of Committees. In all matters of railway or other associated adventure, the House of Lords is a country of blind men, and Lord Redesdale is the one-eyed

king of it. If any one doubts his lordship's power of causing practical inconvenience, we submit the case of the Dunmow Railway and Mr. Brassey as a case in point. The affairs of the Great Eastern Railway, we all know, have been managed badly enough. It is always easy to indicate with censorious finger-points the ravages of misfortune, and he who should defend the managers of the Great Eastern line would plead in vain before judges, jurymen, and audience hopelessly prepossessed. Perhaps it might be admitted that except the Brighton and Chatham and Dover lines, which, however, are comparatively young in adversity, there is no line upon which Parliamentary remedies, however sharp, might so justifiably be tried. Accordingly, the Great Eastern Company enjoys all the disadvantage that can accrue to it from Lord Redesdale's abuse. But to abuse a railway company is one thing; to reform it, even though Lord Redesdale may be the vituperator, is another. And it is the peculiarity of Lord Redesdale's system to deal in wholesale denunciations and niggling Parliamentary checks. He can strike out a clause, or browbeat a contractor at the bar of the House, or do a capitalist out of money which he has fairly earned: but the real evils of the system he does not and cannot touch. It is not by a Redesdale that our railways will be reformed, though a Redesdale suffices to work gratuitous and utterly useless inconvenience in the name of reform. It was in this spirit that he dealt with the Great Eastern Finance Bill. He found in it a provision for issuing stock to Mr. Brassey to settle, by a payment of £40,000, a balance due to him for constructing the Dunmow branch line. The arrangement had nothing to do with the main purpose of the Act, but it was one that must be made in order to pay Mr. Brassey what was due to him. Now, upon the main provisions of the Bill Lord Redesdale was silent. He had no useful light to throw upon transactions which had been the talk of all commercial circles and a crux for the press and Mr. Laing. But he darted upon this perfectly innocent provision for paying Mr. Brassey for work he had actually done. First he mutilated the Bill by cutting out this provision, and then he held it up to the House as the type of all the bad management of which the Great Eastern Company had been guilty. It happened that a previous Act of 1865 had fixed £80,000 as the amount Mr. Brassey was to receive, and he had received that £80,000. Therefore Lord Redesdale jumped at the conclusion that this was "simply an arrangement between the Great Eastern Railway and the contractor, to put into the latter's pocket £40,000 more than he was properly entitled to receive." Lord Redesdale never hesitates at imputations of this sort. The discovery of a real abuse he hardly ever accomplished. But the farrier's 'prentice who could not make a horse-shoe found it easy to make a hiss, and Lord Redesdale fancies he can take away Mr. Brassey's character as readily. He has since found out his mistake, though by the help of a few conveniently-remembered technicalities he sticks to his original story. The circumstances were not only susceptible of, but hardly needed, explanation. The Act of 1865, which he treated as so absolutely binding on all concerned, produced so little impression on any of them, was really so little heeded, that Mr. Brassey does not remember its being passed. Of course, it fixed £80,000 as the sum Mr. Brassey was to receive, because that was the estimated value of the work he was to do. But the work exceeded the estimate, on being duly measured, by £39,000. Is it reasonable, is it possible, to suppose that when the amount of £80,000 was stated it was intended to prohibit Mr. Brassey from being paid more if the work he did amounted to more? Let it be remembered also that the Great Eastern Railway Company had no option in the matter. They were bound to make the line as Mr. Brassey contracted to make it for them, on pain of the stoppage of the dividend on the regular share capital. With his usual small sharpness, Lord Redesdale wrote in Thursday's *Times* that that penalty need not have influenced them much, since dividends on the regular share capital of the Great Eastern Railway are never paid at all. But he knows very well that much more than the mere penalty is risked if a railway company ignores the obligations of Acts of Parliament. It never gets a proper *locus standi* before a Parliamentary Committee again, and Lord Redesdale would have been the first to expose the Great Eastern directors' delinquencies if they had not made the Dunmow line, and to observe in his coarsest and most offensive way that it was futile to exact from men of this kind substantial work unless you imposed substantial penalties. But as the Act of 1862 did not suit his case, Lord Redesdale did not even know of its existence. When Mr. Baxter, the solicitor, waited upon him in consequence of the reckless attack he had made on Mr. Brassey and the directors of the Great Eastern, Lord Redesdale even denied its existence. Mr. Baxter, knowing

with whom he had to deal, had provided himself with evidence, on seeing which the Chairman of Committees observed that "he didn't understand how it had come to pass; but it was so." He has, nevertheless, characteristically persisted in the opinion which he had formed in ignorance of the obligation of the company to make the line, only going out of his way to suggest a discreditable interpretation of what on Mr. Brassey's part was a mere matter of business, while on the part of the company it was a literal fulfilment of the requirements of the law. In fact, having arbitrarily determined that the one end and object of Parliament was to prevent Mr. Brassey from receiving more than £80,000, Lord Redesdale would not be driven from his point by the discovery of a much more important Act requiring the work, without stipulation of cost, to be promptly done. When he chooses, he can find illegality even in the direct fulfilment of the law, and he maintains that Mr. Brassey was bound first and foremost to stop when he had earned his £80,000, and to let the Act of 1862, requiring the line to be completed, be carried out how it might. No man of business needs to be told that this is the sheerest and most puerile pedantry, and that great public works would be practically impossible in numerous instances if sums fixed upon in Acts of Parliament upon estimates were to be deemed absolutely prohibitory of any larger expenditure, and absolutely incompatible with the payment of the contractor for work done. But to make his caprice go down with the unthinking, Lord Redesdale untruly describes the Dunmow railway as a "contractor's line," thinking to crush Mr. Brassey and to deprive him of all hope of his £40,000 by gibbeting him as a contracting proprietor. This is the most reckless and culpable of his proceedings. He does not scruple to bring Mr. Bidder under the condemnation of joining in an improper proceeding for Mr. Brassey's benefit. He observes that Mr. Bidder "took advantage of an excuse" for making "an illegal arrangement." And in order to leave no possibility of calumny unexplored, he invents a sonorous but senseless dilemma, insisting that the directors either kept the 1865 Act from Mr. Brassey's knowledge to swindle him, or in seeking to give Mr. Brassey more than the £80,000 that Act provided for, are attempting a job. Nothing could be more absolutely gratuitous. Mr. Brassey and Mr. Bidder have jointly and severally proved that Mr. Brassey made the line for the Great Eastern Company, and though he was with that company, the Dunmow Company, he got no special advantage except in the ordinary way of business as a contractor, from its completion. Mr. Bidder has compressed the whole case into a single paragraph, which in his last published letter Lord Redesdale has left wholly unanswered. "When the Great Eastern contracted with Mr. Brassey," says he, "they intended him to be paid, and when, without asking him, they inserted the £80,000, they thought it would pay him. The only question is what amount is really due under the contract? Of this I know nothing; but protesting against being unjustly stigmatized, I commend to the consideration of Lord Redesdale whether the dignity and esteem which ought to attach to the office of the Chairman of Committees of the House of Lords would not be better maintained by calmer language and more diligent inquiry into facts." This is a matter upon which, as Lord Redesdale himself is fond of saying, "there is no doubt or question." This example of his recklessness shows how much evil may be done by ignorant dogmatism, when, quitting the comparatively safe field of politics, it busies itself coarsely and violently with the characters of business men and business enterprises. It is easy for the son of a law lord to get a certain profitable reputation as an eccentric by always wearing a dress coat and nankeen trousers, and it is not difficult to make a House of Peers believe that such a man is never wrong because he is always positive. But nothing can be worse for the credit of the Upper House, nothing more certain to perpetuate and protect all that is worst in our joint-stock enterprises than the elevation of an ignorant, pedantic, captious, and virulent man, to what is really a position of irresponsible and, in many ways, absolute authority. If there were no other reason for reforming the Lords' prerogative over private legislation, it would be a sufficient one that that prerogative is exercised by Lord Redesdale to the detriment of private character, and the embarrassment of public works.

#### COMMERCE AND DEMOCRATIC IMPERIALISM.

NOTWITHSTANDING the assurance which the Emperor of the French has given in the various speeches he has made within the last fortnight, and notwithstanding the assertion of the *Moniteur* that the interview at Salzburg should be considered

as a new guarantee for the peace of Europe, there is so little confidence in France as to the future that business is at a complete standstill. In plain words, Frenchmen do not believe their Emperor—or, if they do, they see in his words so much that is indefinite that they regard them rather as indicating the possibility of war than of peace. When he tells the Chamber of Commerce of Lille that "business would progress better if certain journals did not exaggerate the situation," his hearers cannot forget that in his speech to the Mayor he spoke of "spots" which "have darkened our horizon." What are those spots? they ask; and, if the situation is exaggerated, does it not at all events present some prospect of danger? His speech at Amiens is believed to have been expressly designed to restore the confidence which had been shaken by his previous utterances, yet even in so studied an address there are words strongly suggestive of uncertainty. What is the meaning of saying that "the events which have been accomplished in Germany have not induced our country to abandon its attitude of calm and dignity," and that "it reckons with reason on the maintenance of peace"? The first statement is notoriously untrue, for the unification of Germany has very much disturbed the equanimity of France. The second is as vague as it can be. France, or its Government, may reckon on the maintenance of peace upon grounds which are impossible; in other words upon concessions which Prussia may not be disposed to make. And, again, if "certain journals" injure the prospects of commerce by aggravating the situation, what is to be said of the article which appeared in *La France* on the 27th ult., in which Frenchmen were told that designs were on foot at Berlin "which are dangerous to the peace of the world, and ought to be restrained"? Even the assurances of the *Moniteur* are wide enough, as O'Connell once said of our Acts of Parliament, to drive a coach and six through them. It may very well be that the Salzburg interview should be considered as a new guarantee for the peace of Europe, if it had for its results an agreement of the two Emperors to act against Prussia. But supposing Prussia not to be intimidated by their union—we do not say, or even suppose, that the Emperor of Austria has made any compact with Louis Napoleon—then the Salzburg interview would have to be regarded as threatening to the peace of Europe, instead of guaranteeing it.

At all events, the commentary which France makes upon the speeches of its Emperor is such that there is no business doing. His Majesty himself has produced a more damaging effect upon commerce than the journals which have drawn his condemnation upon them. "The public," says the *Semaine Financière*, "has been struck by the almost melancholy tone of the Imperial words. The Emperor, more touched by events, and more frank than his intrepid advocate before the Chamber, who lately represented the policy of the Government as faultless and free from check, alluded to passing reverses, and to the black spots of the situation." One result of these spots is that the amount of specie in the coffers of the Bank of France is 950,000,000, while the portfolio hardly exceeds 450,000,000. If we contrast this with the state of things in prosperous times, when 400,000,000 of specie can easily sustain a portfolio of more than 700,000,000, we find that 550,000,000 of specie are lying idle in the bank, which, but for the uncertainty that hangs over the intentions of the Government, would be employed in promoting industrial enterprises, in employing labour, and in adding to the wealth of the country. This is one of the penalties that France pays for the consolidation of her Government in the hands of one man. In some degree all despotisms are liable to the same evil, but that of France has aggravated it to its utmost stretch. An hereditary despotism does not exist on the breath of popularity, a democratic one does. The difference is immense. The one is essentially Conservative, the other revolutionary of all things but itself. We may take it for certain that had it not been for the revival of the Empire in France, we should not have witnessed the changes which have taken place in Europe during the last nine years. Possibly there would have been no Crimean war; but certainly we should not have seen the campaign in Lombardy or the wars which followed it in Southern Italy and Sicily. Had not Austria suffered the demoralization of defeat in Lombardy, it may be doubted whether Prussia would have come off the victor in the Seven Days' War. To the democratic Imperialism which reigns over France it was necessary that the eyes of its subjects should be so dazzled by success upon foreign soil that they should be diverted from the consideration of how much they had lost in the surrender of their liberties. That was an awkward passage in the Emperor's speech at Arras, in which he said, "It is only weak Governments who seek in foreign complications to divert attention from troubles at home." Why, that is the very policy which

has marked the whole of his reign. It began with the declaration, "L'Empire c'est la paix." But from the 1st of January, 1859, when the Emperor virtually declared war against Austria in the words he addressed to M. Hübner, the Austrian Ambassador, Europe has never known a moment's rest, has never been able to reckon with certainty on anything his Majesty has said. This much, it is true, it has learnt with regard to his declarations, namely, to suspect them most when they are most emphatic, and to look out for war when he talks most largely of the probability of peace. And nowhere is this criterion applied more confidently than in France. If the state of commerce is bad already, if men are timid of entering upon new ventures, and anxious to hoard what they have realized, there is a certain means of confirming their suspicions. The Emperor has only to give a personal assurance of his desire for peace. From that moment whatever activity remained to commerce becomes paralyzed. Such is the respect which his own subjects pay to his asseverations.

Not that he states what he knows to be untrue. He has said nothing in his addresses at Arras, Lille, and Amiens which he could not justify if he were a month hence to declare war against Prussia. He has not pledged himself to remain at peace with his powerful neighbour; he has only expressed himself confident of peace, just as any man might say that he was confident of success in this or that undertaking, it being understood that there are conditions precedent which he takes for granted, or, at all events, about which he chooses to be silent. The Emperor wishes to make the best of what is unquestionably a bad business. He has been foiled in his Mexican undertaking; he has been compelled to "lessen his proud look" in the German question. The Auxerre speech received a terrible snub in the campaign in Bohemia, and in the defeat of Sadowa Francis-Joseph was not the only loser. While he ceased to be Emperor President of the German Confederation, Louis Napoleon ceased to be arbiter of peace and war in Europe. No doubt he can still precipitate war; but it is this very fact that so weighs upon the enterprise of France at the present moment. Prestige is of vital consequence to a ruler who has no other right to his throne than that which his popularity, and the votes founded upon it, give him. He was elected President and Emperor because he was the nephew of the First Napoleon. He has done much for France, at home and abroad, which showed him for a time to be no unworthy successor of his uncle. But the "dark spots" have come thick upon his horizon of late, some of them in a quarter in which they are most calculated to dissatisfy his subjects, and diminish his prestige. The Emperor of Austria, driven out of Lombardy, compelled to cede Venetia, almost annihilated at Sadowa, and thrust out of Germany, was able the other day to knit to his throne with unanimous enthusiasm a people who ever since he ascended it have been the very weakest of the many weak points of his empire. Reverses in the field have not enfeebled his rule, though they have diminished his power; nor has he any need to try the fortune of war again in order to strengthen his position. And here is precisely the difference between the Emperor who is born to power and the Emperor who is the elect of the people, even though, as Louis Napoleon has just boasted, eight millions of them may have placed him upon his throne.

We do not, in saying this, mean to convey that we have any partiality for a despotism sanctioned by time. Far from it. The popularity in Europe which the present Emperor of Austria has gained has been due more to his readiness to part with some portion of his power and to cease to rule despotically, than to the length of the line of monarchs he represents, or to the chivalry of his character, the reliability of his word, or the purity of his domestic life. It will be for the benefit of mankind, and for their own benefit, if despotic rulers will, as far as the progress of their subjects permit it, call them to aid them in the work of government, and divest themselves of its sole responsibility. While the nephew of Napoleon Bonaparte sees before him a darkened horizon, the descendant of one of his uncle's marshals sits secure on the throne of Sweden and Norway, without any need to strengthen the stability of his dynasty by splendid achievements, and, certain of the loyalty of his subjects on the single condition that he is loyal to the Constitution which they and their ancestors have made for themselves. And if Louis Napoleon had not so long delayed the crowning of the edifice, if he had restored to France the power that, in 1851, he assumed with his hands by means over which it is as well to draw a veil, he would not now have to regret a situation which his most studied utterances only aggravates. He has made great and worthy efforts to promote the industry and the prosperity of France; but his own creation

lies crushed under the uncertainty of his policy. He does not rest inactive under his defeats. He must do something to redress the balance which Fate has turned against him. France took her "elect" for better, not for worse, and he will share the fate of all democratic despots who live by the breath of popularity and perish when they lose it.

#### THE MONT CENIS RAILWAY.

On the 21st of last month a train composed of an engine and two carriages made the trial-trip over the Summit Railway of Mont Cenis, from St. Michel, in Savoy, to Susa, in Piedmont, a length of forty-eight miles. Since George Stephenson first made "man and wife," as he called them, of the locomotive and the iron road in 1828, this is the greatest achievement that has been made in the working of railways, and it is due to an English engineer, Mr. Fell, a member of the firm of Brassey, Fell, & Co. By the ingenious expedient of a central double-headed rail, placed on its side in the middle of the way, fourteen inches above the ordinary rails, and grasped by four horizontal wheels, the engine is able to work up gradients of 1 in 12, and thus to climb with ease the steepest mountains. Not only can this be done easily, but, strange as it may seem, in spite of heavy gradients and sharp curves, Mr. Fell's mountain travelling is safer than ordinary travelling. The central rail and the horizontal wheels with which the carriages as well as the engine are supplied, afford the means of supplying any amount of break-power for checking the speed, or for stopping vehicles which may have become detached from the rest of the train, while they render it almost impossible for engines or carriages to leave the rails. On ordinary lines of railway, a curve whose radius is twenty chains is considered a sharp one, but the radius of the smallest curves in the Summit Railway is only two chains. We could hardly have a better illustration of the great security which Mr. Fell's invention gives to railway travelling. The only regret with which we can regard so successful an invention is that it was not applied earlier. It was in 1864 that Mr. Fell, desirous to prove its value, obtained leave from the French Government to lay down a length of about an English mile and a quarter on a portion of the Mont Cenis road, where the average gradient is 1 in 13, while on half a mile of it the curves vary from 42 to 170 yards' radius. He made his trials in the presence of commissioners appointed by the Governments of England, France, Italy, Spain, Russia, and Austria, who were unanimous in favour of the mechanical possibility of his plan, and of its commercial value. There can hardly be a doubt that if this proof had been given ten years earlier, the Mont Cenis tunnel would never have been commenced. But no one, except perhaps Mr. Fell himself, imagined in those days that it would be possible to make a locomotive and train climb a mountain 6,700 feet above the sea, with apparently impracticable curves, and with gradients of 1 in 12.

We do not, in saying this, wish to disparage so great an engineering undertaking as the tunnel unquestionably is. But when we compare its advantages and its cost in time and money with those of the Fell Railway, the balance of the former in its favour are not to be named in comparison with the balance of the latter against it. It was commenced in 1857; the most sanguine opinion gives 1870 as the date of its completion; and it will not be finished at a less cost than seven millions sterling. The Fell Railway was estimated to cost something less than one million, and it has been completed in eighteen months in spite of the inundations of September, 1866, the most calamitous on record, which injured, and in parts altogether swept away, twenty-four miles of the route. In point of distance the tunnel line will show a gain of six miles, and of three hours in point of time. But many travellers would readily sacrifice this advantage for the sake of the glorious scenery through which the Fell Railway passes. So striking is the balance of considerations in favour of summit railways that in all probability before long others will be constructed over other Alpine passes, of which there are ten traversable as carriage roads. Wherever there exists such a road the Fell railway can be laid down. The line just opened traverses the road commenced by the first Napoleon in 1803 and completed in 1810. Upon the French side several important deviations have been made, as in the neighbourhood of the fortress of Lessaillon, and at Termignon, to avoid impracticable curves. Elsewhere the road has been widened, and the number of covered ways increased, which, in places where avalanches are to be apprehended, are constructed of the most solid masonry, while in other parts they are made of iron and timber. There is no reason why the other passes

should not be similarly utilized, though they may not be quite so favourable for the purpose as that of Mont Cenis. There is the Col di Tenda, which lies on the direct road between Nice and Turin; the Mont Genève, which, like Mont Cenis and the Simplon, owes its road to the genius of the first Napoleon; the Little St. Bernard, leading from Chambéry to Aosta; the Simplon, the Gothard, and others. Indeed, only three days before the experimental trip on the Mont Cenis line took place, the first journey was performed upon the Austrian railway over the Brenner Pass, connecting Innsprück with Botzen, and thus uniting the system of German railways with the system of the Italian lines. Austria had already distinguished herself by erecting the first railway over the Alps, crossing the Sömmerring Pass. But now that Mr. Fell has shown that Alpine railways can be constructed at a cost of £20,000 per English mile—the line across the Sömmerring cost £98,000—there is no reason why all the passes which could promise sufficient commercial results to justify the undertaking, should not be traversed upon iron roads.

But has Mr. Fell's ingenious invention no interest for us at home, or are our lines of railway already so satisfactory in all respects that his central rail and horizontal wheels are to be dismissed from our consideration as only fit for the Continent? Happy would it have been for those who have ventured their money in railway undertakings if Mr. Fell had followed upon George Stephenson a little earlier. But perhaps if he had we should have been none the better for him. For years he hawked his invention about in England, and has sought patronage in vain. With the name of a well-known doctor he seemed to have inherited his unpopularity, as far as his invention was concerned, though it would not be difficult for those who have endeavoured to keep him out of the field to explain why they do not like him. The grand aim of speculation of any kind, personified in engineers, contractors, promoters, is to bud and blossom into money as quickly as possible, if possible *rectè*, but if not, then *quocunque modo*. For such people, the ordinary plant is sufficient. They do not want improvements. Improvements would benefit the shareholders and the public, about whom engineers, contractors, and promoters, do not care a fig. They look upon an inventor as their natural enemy, and thus far they have been able to set him at defiance. But will shareholders much longer tolerate a system of administration which has so utterly broken down that some of the most promising of our lines are bankrupt, while others are verging towards a state of bankruptcy. In the backwoods of America, where the first rude but energetic attempts at civilization are being made, and where the moral force of law is by no means so powerful as it is in long-settled communities, lawless acts are habitual. To counteract them, the natural law of self-preservation has set up what is called a "Vigilance Committee." This committee holds its sittings in secret, and its sentences are carried out in a very summary manner. Would it not be well if railway shareholders in England were to imitate this example, with the requisite modifications? We do not wish them to appoint a vigilance committee the result of whose secret meetings would be that fraudulent contractors and self-interested directors would be found dangling from the lamp-posts nearest to their Board-room. Short of so extreme a measure, a shareholder's vigilance committee would be of great advantage. And surely it is strange that though the railway system has now been established amongst us for nearly forty years, the only committees which have emanated from the body of shareholders have been committees of investigation—committees appointed to bar the door when the steed has been stolen.

#### UNTRIED PRISONERS.

THERE is a subject which has never yet received the attention it deserves, which virtually affects the honour of our Government, indeed, the whole system of our rule in Ireland—we mean the treatment to which persons are subject who are arrested under the extraordinary powers vested in the Lord-Lieutenant by the statute suspending the operation of the Habeas Corpus Act. It appears to be established beyond all doubt that these persons are subjected to an imprisonment which in all its accessories is of a highly penal character. Men have been arrested without any charge made against them—without any possibility of defending themselves—and have been committed to a convict prison, in which they have been compelled to submit to a discipline more severe than that which we have been in the habit of considering sufficient to punish persons actually convicted of crime.

We are very little disposed to sympathize with that mock

humanity which is always ready to take the part of any person who has violated the law. The case which is now exciting attention is one wholly different from that of persons who have been convicted of an offence, whether it be of a political character or not. It is the case of prisoners who are unconvicted and untried. Such persons must, according to the settled principles of English law, be deemed innocent until they are found guilty. The allegation is that, in the Irish prisons, such persons are subjected to a treatment which is most severely punitive, and that they are so subject even when they are committed "on suspicion" by the extraordinary warrant of the Lord-Lieutenant. It may be well calmly to examine into the grounds upon which this statement rests, separating the facts from any exaggerations by which they may have been surrounded. Under the law existing in Ireland, the Lord-Lieutenant has the power of arresting any person whom he suspects of being engaged in movements dangerous to the security of the Government. No sworn information is required, no judicial or quasi-judicial investigation precedes the committal. It is sufficient if the Irish Executive believe that, as a prudential precaution, it is expedient to deprive any man of a liberty which they suspect he may mischievously use. It is quite obvious that the imprisonment imposed upon any man under powers like these should not partake in any degree of a penal character. It should be attended by no severity, except that which is absolutely necessary to attain the proposed end, that end being simply to deprive the suspected party of the power of doing the mischief which he is supposed to contemplate. To carry his imprisonment beyond this is to violate the very first principle of the constitution—it is to punish men without trial—worse even than this, to punish them at the arbitrary discretion of the Executive, and without even a definite charge. It is proved beyond all doubt, that when a prisoner is committed under this extraordinary power he is instantly subjected to a most rigid discipline, so as to convert his imprisonment into a punishment just as severe as that which is inflicted on a convicted criminal.

It is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless unquestionably true, that under our free system of British law we have been for two years, in Ireland, treating persons whom the Lord-Lieutenant may please to arrest on suspicion, in a manner far more penal than that which is practised in this country towards most of our actually convicted offenders. When the arrest is made, the prisoner is carried off, probably to Mountjoy convict prison; he is locked up in a small cell with no furniture but a bed, a table, and a chair. In this cell he passes twenty-two hours out of the twenty-four, in a confinement perfectly solitary, except when he is visited by a warder. He is not allowed the use of pen and ink. He is strictly forbidden newspapers, and he is not permitted to see any books except those which the prison authorities generally supply for prison use. He is obliged to rise at five in the morning, make up his bed and perform all the menial offices connected with the sweeping and cleaning, and even the washing of his cell. From all toilet luxuries, or even comforts, he is of course debarred. He must cleanse himself at an ordinary washing-trough, common to all the prisoners in the gaol. When he has performed his ablutions, he is marched back to his lonely cell, where he is locked in, and left to his solitary meditations, or to the perusal of the ethics or the theology which the prison superintendents prescribe. At an appointed hour of the day, he is compelled to come out for exercise. He is then placed in a gang, and forced to walk for two hours round a prison yard. Even in this walk he is forbidden to speak to his fellow-sufferers. The only privilege allowed him is that of providing his own food. It must, however, be such as the prison authorities consider plain and wholesome, and not too dainty. Wine or spirits he cannot obtain, and at his meals he cannot even be permitted the luxury of a glass of beer. His dinner, which may be provided by his friends, is brought to his cell by the warder, and in some prisons handed in through a grating in the door. This is his daily life. It is not relieved by any communication with his family or friends. He can only write by special permission, and in the presence of a warder; all letters coming to him are opened, and given or withheld at the discretion of his jailers. In the most indulgent prisons his friends are allowed to visit him on one day in the week; but the visit is paid through an iron grating. Wife, sister, or friend, must stand outside this grating while the prisoner is on the inner side, and, as if this were not sufficient restraint, a prison official stands by to listen to everything that may pass.

We pray our readers to remember that we are not describing the imprisonment of a convicted criminal. If we were so, they would probably think it very severe. This imprisonment

is inflicted upon persons who are not even accused of any specific offence—persons against whom no one has been able to swear to a single act of guilt. All persons whose loyalty is suspected, rightly or wrongly, by the Irish Executive, are liable to be thrust into prison and be subjected to the treatment we describe. This is not merely something which may occur, but it is that which is occurring every day. We are sure we are not exaggerating when we say that in the Irish gaols there are hundreds of persons at this very moment enduring the "peine forte et dure" we have described, without any charge made against them, and committed to prison solely on suspicion of treasonable practices. The truth of this does not rest on the statement of prisoners who are or have been in this confinement. There is not the slightest reason to doubt the truth of these statements, which, indeed, amount to nothing more than an abstract of the prison regulations. But the subject is perhaps more forcibly, although not more graphically, presented to us in the official report of Dr. McDonnell, the medical officer of Mountjoy Prison. Speaking of prisoners committed under State warrants, that gentleman says:—

"The health of a good many of those prisoners has deteriorated from their prolonged confinement. There are at present thirteen untried political prisoners who have been confined in this prison for a period of eight months or upwards, and who are subject to a cellular discipline more strict in some respects than that to which a convict is submitted. There are a good many others of the same class who, although not in this prison so long, have, nevertheless, been in confinement elsewhere, so as to have been submitted for eight months or upwards to a strict cellular discipline."

It is rather a startling thing to be told that we have in one prison thirteen prisoners enduring punishment like this for a period of eight months, merely because the Irish Executive choose to suspect them of treasonable practices. If it be absolutely necessary to give the Lord-Lieutenant the power of locking up suspected persons, some provisions must be made that their imprisonment shall not be attended with any severity beyond that which is involved in the very fact of imprisonment, and in the necessary precautions for their safe custody. We cannot understand why Parliament was permitted to separate without attention being called to this state of things. It is one of infinitely greater importance than any question connected with the treatment of actual convicts. The only effort made in Parliament on the subject was not a very happy one. When the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act was passing through the House of Commons, some Irish member proposed the insertion of a clause providing that prisoners committed under its provisions should "be treated as untried prisoners." Unhappily the effect of this provision is exactly to legalize in many instances the very treatment which is complained of. It seems that in many of the Irish gaols the magistrates who compose the governing board have managed to establish a system of discipline under which persons committed by themselves for trial are subject to the same treatment as those enduring imprisonment under the sentence of a court. This, of course, opens up a wider field, upon which, at present at least, we cannot enter. But wherever or whatever be the fault, a remedy must be found. It is perfectly unwarrantable to make the State warrant of arrest a sentence of penal imprisonment during the pleasure of the Executive. We have taken some trouble as a nation to clear ourselves of the imputation of cruelty in our treatment of convicted political criminals. We must not leave ourselves open to the charge of permitting the Lord-Lieutenant to torture those whom he suspects.

#### BISHOP GRAY AND "FATHER" IGNATIUS.

If "His Grace the Metropolitan of Capetown" should fail to create as great a sensation amongst us as his lordship the Bishop of Natal did a few years ago, it will be because we have been too much familiarized to the practices of Ritualism to be astonished at anything in that line. A bishop of the Church of England beaten in logic by an African savage, and straightway setting-to to demolish the Gospel he was sent to preach, was a novelty of quite a startling character. But thanks to a generation of innovators, there is no approach which a Protestant Church can now exhibit to Roman Catholic ceremonial, no matter how close, which can do more than make the unsympathizing spectator smile or mourn, according to his humour. Some of these imitators, indeed, have so improved upon their original that it would puzzle the most expert Master of Ceremonies to explain what their incantations mean. We hear of a woman ringing a bell for five minutes after the morning prayers, and before the administration of the sacrament, in St. Peter's Church, Folkestone. What

was that for? Then, when she had made an end of her ringing, there was heard "a faintly audible chant in the vestry," which was no doubt very effective, but perfectly inexplicable except upon the theory that the curate is a gentleman of fertile invention and original ideas. The same theory may explain why, "after having consecrated," he "passed his finger round the rim of the cup, then placed it on his tongue or lip, three times repeated;" and also why the bread was placed in the communicant's palm, "that it might be licked up." If the curate in question had a church of his own, there is no reason, as far as the law is concerned, why he should not indulge in these or any other absurdities; though it is clear, from the fact that he has promised the Archbishop to discontinue them, that they are really not matters of conscience with him, but of fancy. But in a church belonging to the Establishment they are not only ridiculous, but illegal. When, however, "His Grace the Metropolitan of Capetown" sets such an example as was witnessed last week in the Church of St. Michael and All Angels, in Shoreditch, what can we expect from curates? Dr. Gray has been in some respects regarded as a defender of the Faith against the errors of Dr. Colenso, and though he was unsuccessful in his legal proceedings against the arithmetical bishop, it must have been a consolation to many to find that the Zulus were not a match in controversy for the whole episcopal bench. Others there were who whether sympathizing with Dr. Colenso's views or not, were outraged at the style in which he was treated by his "Metropolitan," whose ecclesiastical thunder was considered to be somewhat too loud for a Protestant bishop, and who, as it turned out, had no right to thunder at all. But it must have been plain to any one who witnessed the exhibition of last week, that "Protestant" is an inadmissible term in his lordship's case, and would probably be resented by him as an affront. Nothing that has yet been seen in the way of splendid ceremonial in a Protestant church has surpassed, if it has even come up to it. There was an "altar" radiant with wax candles, and tastefully decorated with flowers, having at the sides two larger candelabra, while the "rood screen" also blazed with candles and gas jets. Nothing could well be more brilliant, but it is not every day that Ritualism can boast the presence of a bishop at its ceremonies, so on this occasion it came out with unwonted vigour. Nothing was spared to do honour to "His Grace." There was full choral service, executed in the highest style of art, and opening with a processional hymn, the procession itself being led by a young man "in a bright red cassock and surplice," who seems to have been the Bishop's cross-bearer, for he carried a large golden cross, with which, later on in the proceedings, he took his stand at the foot of the pulpit steps while the Bishop was preaching. As for the procession, it consisted of a long train of choristers in surplices, two abreast, carrying banners with emblems on them, more youths in red cassocks and white surplices, clergymen in their hoods, &c. Last but not one came the Bishop in his episcopal robes, followed by a deacon bearing a large white flag with a representation of the cross. Dr. Gray must have felt "every inch a bishop" in the midst of so much pomp. He was not aware that another procession was being formed elsewhere to do him honour.

It appears that the conceited fanatic who calls himself "Father" Ignatius had been holding a service and a prayer meeting in the church of St. Bartholomew, Moor-lane, and as his irritable vanity is always seeking some means of notoriety, he could not resist the opportunity of Dr. Gray's preaching in a neighbouring church to produce a theatrical effect. He suggested to his hearers that he should like them to show their admiration of the Bishop for his bold defence of the truth against Dr. Colenso, by going in a body to thank him for it, and—to ask his blessing! All present signified their assent, and word was despatched to the Bishop, who, before commencing his sermon at St. Michael's, informed the congregation of the episode they were about to witness, and told them what pleasure the demonstration gave him, and how willingly he would bestow the blessing that had been asked. So, two and two, first the men and then the women, to the number of over 200, Father Ignatius and his followers entered the church, when Dr. Gray directed them to kneel down, and the rest of the congregation to stand up, while the operation of blessing was being performed. We are puzzled to understand why the people who were to "receive their blessing after the sermon" were made to stand while the others knelt, unless possibly to prevent them from receiving any portion of the blessing which was meant for Father Ignatius and his friends, and thus getting more than their fair share. This, however, may be owing to our ignorance. No doubt his lordship's direction was perfectly orthodox, though

we might be curious to know the Bishop of Oxford's opinion upon this point, for there appears to have been some difference in the method of blessing adopted by the two bishops. We do not find that Dr. Gray held the pastoral staff in his left hand while giving the benediction with his right, as Dr. Wilberforce is represented in the photographs. It can hardly be that so learned a prelate as the Bishop of Oxford can be mistaken, yet, on the other hand, we should be sorry to think that Dr. Gray had omitted an essential observance in the ceremony, and that Father Ignatius and his friends had, after all, gone away without the coveted blessing, or with an imperfect one.

It will surprise none of our readers, after this, to learn that Dr. Gray commenced his sermon by "invoking the Blessed Trinity," and that this was the cue for the whole of the clergy and choristers, and most of the congregation, to make "the sign of the cross on their faces and breasts, according to the use of the Church of Rome." But what mere mockery and make-believe is this! What has the Church of England come to when these things are done under the eyes, and with sanction and encouragement of one of its bishops, and when at this very moment the hope of its Protestantism lies in the report of a commission which denounces the practices of the Ritualists in terms utterly inadequate to the occasion? If the Commissioners' condemnation of these practices is so mild, what will be the nature of the remedies they have under consideration for their removal? Never was there a question in which prompt and stern measures were more requisite than this. But we confess to a suspicion that when the Commissioners have proposed their remedies, the last state of the question will be found to be worse than the first. Now, unless a spirit of time-serving and trimming is allowed to sway their decisions, they can have no hesitation as to their duty in this matter. The issue which has been raised by the Ritualists is not one which can be decided by a compromise. It cannot, for example, be left to the will of this or that congregation whether they will have candles, flowers, altars, genuflections, and bishops' blessings; or whether they will follow the simple Ritual which unquestionably has been the practice of the Church for the most part since the Reformation. If the Commissioners incline to any such compromise, they will defeat their own end, and will legalize Ritualism instead of repressing it. And they should bear in mind that this same Ritualism is not a known and definite quantity. There is no anticipating to what excesses it may go. For though in the main it proposes Rome for its model, it is evidently possessed of a fertility of invention which puts the Pope completely in the shade. To what vagaries it may eventually come, no ordinary ingenuity can give a guess. But does any sensible man need to be assured—considering all that we have seen of the sayings and doings of the Ritualists during the last ten years—either that the Church of England must crush them under her heel or that they will irreparably damage her?

#### THE TABLE D'HÔTE.

THE distinguishing feature of the Englishman abroad is his hatred of every other Englishman. He will travel any distance, or be at any expense, in order to avoid his countrymen. Tolerable fishing and good scenery have their attractions; a noted gaming-table or a celebrated mineral spring is occasionally taken into consideration; but that country, town, or village eclipses all its rivals which can say "There are no English to be found here." When the members of one English family observe the members of another English family come on board the steamer in which they are already seated, they stare at the new-comers as if the latter were guilty of a gross impertinence, or they smile in contempt when they hear English spoken, or they say, with a well-imitated shrug, "You cannot escape the English tourist, wherever you go." What particular traits decide that a man is no longer a man but a tourist, have not as yet been specified; but it is certain that every English person abroad refuses to consider himself an ordinary tourist, but considers every other English person abroad an ordinary tourist. This vague impression or feeling becomes at no time so pronounced as during dinner; when Nature herself, appealing to our strongest instincts, shatters the frail restrictions which art, or civilization, or society would impose, and insists on these mutually repugnant persons sitting down at the one table. The table d'hôte is the apostle of humanity. Dinner is that touch of nature which, in foreign parts especially, makes the whole world kin. With three-fourths of the people who go abroad because they ought to go abroad, who stare listlessly at big rocks and try to consider them scenery, who walk through

cathedrals and wonder why they should smell so badly, who, on the whole, are rather sick of the picturesque, all the interest, and excitement, and romance of travelling centre upon the table d'hôte. The guide-books may talk hectic rhapsody about this or the other useless fall of water over some hill-side; one's companions may display an unaccountable interest in seeking out the birthplace of some one who died five hundred years ago (if he ever lived); it may be necessary, for courtesy's sake, to accompany one's friends up a sloppy ravine, or along a dusty road, or over a bare hill, in order to see a view which about equals that of the Thames from Greenwich or Primrose Hill from Regent's Park; but these hardships may be borne with equanimity when the mind is allowed to rest with secret delight on the prospect of dinner. Then all the social hypocrisies of travelling are dismissed. Then the critical and gossiping faculties come into play. Then one meets one's enemies face to face, and the secrets of incomplete wardrobes are discovered. To go mooning after waterfalls and mountains, or gazing at a picturesque peasantry not one of whom can speak a word of English, is vexatious, harassing, and tiresome; at the table d'hôte our ingenious traveller finds herself or himself once more in England.

The table d'hôte, occupying this prominent position in foreign travelling, has naturally become an object of much study on the part of those worthy Britons who find in it their only refuge from the insipidities of the picturesque. The old hands soon get to know the difference between the one o'clock, five o'clock, and seven o'clock dinners. At the one o'clock dinner, as they speedily discover, neither cooks nor waiters have as yet been aroused from the lethargy produced by the previous day's labour; while for companions at table they find a number of boarding-school misses with large appetites, depraved Frenchmen who make the meal their breakfast, and trout-fishers who talk noisily to each other about what they did when all the world was asleep, and what they mean to do during the afternoon. The seven o'clock dinner, on the other hand, is only the ghost of the five o'clock dinner. There is a *réchauffé* air about the dishes; the waiters are relapsing into coma; and the people at table resemble the frequenters of a coffee-room in their miscellaneous character and indecorous haste. The arrivals by the last boat, who come in with great coats and unwashed hands; people who have been out all day in the mountains and return savage and hungry; and one or two elderly gentlemen who have been at the trouble of dressing for dinner, and sit silent and sulky because no one else has thought fit to do the same, form the chief part of the seven o'clock table. It is at five o'clock that the table d'hôte is in its glory. They who have discovered how long the day becomes in foreign parts, seize this hour as that most likely to break the dull monotony; and practically spend the time intervening between five and bed-time at dinner. Now, the waiters have been aroused to a sense of their own importance; a general activity and briskness pervade the atmosphere of the long saloon, and, as the soup is served, a band in the next apartment begins to whisper recollections of "Der Freischütz." Young English misses, with profuse jewellery that sparkles down the table as they deliberately lift their spoons; their mothers, gorgeous and severe; elderly French ladies, with a girlish simplicity and neatness in their attire; a few Rotten-row young gentlemen, with white waistcoats and the moustache of the period; a couple of Prussian officers, tall, silent, grave, quick-eyed; a resident English clergyman, with a view to after-dinner subscriptions; a newly-married couple who do their best to be coldly distant to each other, and flatter themselves that they succeed in imposing upon their neighbours; and the ordinary number of English snobs, male and female—surely here is material to interest and instruct the man or woman who has seen nothing to excite his or her curiosity since leaving Charing Cross. As the wine begins to flow more freely, a gentle enthusiasm is stirred, and the prudent listener learns the future movements, the past experiences, and a good deal of the family history of the persons whom he or she has stared at during the forenoon. Is it the girls who insisted on wearing grey silk in going up the Niesen? The economical English mother hears that one of these dresses was entirely ruined, and she is inwardly comforted. Is it the man with the pointed whiskers who bullied the waiter at breakfast, and asked loudly if Sir James MacFadyen had written for rooms? You hear him remark to his neighbour—"Ain't it 'ot in this 'ere climate?" and you wonder whether he has brought on the whole of the MacFadyen's luggage. Is it the charming little girl, with the pearly teeth, and the bright smile, and the almost infantine ringing laugh which was heard not half an hour before in the grounds? Lo! there is a wedding-ring on her finger; and presently she is talking across the table, in a long, nasal whine that tells of

Connecticut, of all her *pension* experiences, and calculating, in the most hideously-practical manner, the profits which the landlady of the *pension* was enabled to reap from washing the linen of her visitors. This little girl, with the soft brown hair and the pretty face, is able to transmute florins and kreutzers into dollars and cents with a dreadful facility; and as she rattles off her impressions of the various countries she has passed through, they sound like the recital of the dream of an army victualler; while her husband, much older than she is, with a complexion which makes one fancy his veins must run tobacco-juice, sits silent and picks his teeth after every course. If our inquisitive traveller, having acquired sufficient knowledge to enable him to drive a close bargain with the most rapacious *pension*-keeper in existence, now shuts his left ear and opens his right, he will hear the resident clergyman expatiate. It is not of free-will, or election, or baptism that the reverend gentleman treats; it is not with accounts of benevolent institutions and charities that he graces the chief ceremony of the day; it is with a running commentary on the aristocracy who have visited the place during the past week. Generosity is the virtue which he most delights to laud. He makes great allowances for the necessity under which English people labour of conforming to popular custom abroad. They have not, he argues, the same opportunities that exist at home; and if, when they cannot go to church on a Sunday evening, they go to see a fair or sit in a garden and listen to some music, they are not so much to be blamed. Theatre-going on a Sunday he rather deprecates, so far as an Englishman is concerned; but for the poor foreigners who know no better, one must regret the evil nature of their education rather than accuse themselves. If an Englishman has been so imprudent as to go to a theatre on Sunday, the best thing he can remember is that charity—or, in other words, a subscription—covereth a multitude of sins. The resident clergyman is really a valuable person at the table d'hôte; for his white tie lends respectability to the occasion, and his fund of universal information is at everybody's service.

Unfortunately the table-d'hôte dinner cannot last for ever. By the time that our traveller has studied the peculiar arrangements of hair and the jewellery of all the ladies present, found reasons for depreciating the personal appearance, intellect, and position of all the men, and succeeded in producing, as a net result, a faint glow of personal satisfaction within his own bosom, he finds that he has arrived at the dessert. Fain would he spin out this brief period of happiness. Must he relinquish this beautiful sphere, and return to the cold world without, there to fix glazed eyes once more on contorted rocks, muddy streams, dirty houses, and brown-visaged peasants? The short, stout English lady, with the black satin dress and the thick chain, has gathered her daughters around her, and is sailing downward towards the door. The Italian gentleman, who must have been born in a district where forks are unknown, sets vigorously to work to pick his teeth, confronted by the American husband, who follows his example; while the wife of the latter remarks across the table that "the feeding wasn't bad for five and half francs, but that one never feels filled after a foreign dinner." From giving a young lady a pleasant description of a picnic on the summit of the Righi, the clergyman has diverged into hinting to the young lady's papa of the painful necessity under which he labours of gathering donations for his church. The unhappy Briton knows his time has come; but there is still one refuge. Whatever his family may urge about the advisability of going to "do" any place he has medical authority for insisting on quiet after dinner; and as he sits down under some acacia, to smoke a cigar and watch a feeble fountain unsuccessfully engaged in endeavouring to balance a ball on its summit, there still remain for him the memories of buried joys. He can chew the cud of reflection, and, with the assistance of his wife, go over, seriatim, the incidents of the dinner, the quality of the dishes, and the appearance of the people who were at table. The results of their joint observations are compared; and the nationality, profession, and prospects of every stranger definitely settled. Family likenesses and stray observations become the material out of which Mr. Brown and his wife now proceed to evolve the most delightful fictions; and if there have been two young people seen to exchange a word or hand a bit of pastry down the table, a marriage is at once concluded in Mrs. Brown's ready imagination. It will thus be seen that the five o'clock dinner is of much more value than that of seven o'clock; for the former stretches over the entire evening, while the latter invades the realm of sleep with ridiculous dreams in which wild foreigners and wilder adventures produce all the horrors of nightmare. The five o'clock dinner kills half a day; and there can be no greater recommendation to the miserable Englishman whom a social custom has banished

from his own fireside and sent into a desert where he is beset by all the ravenous beasts of fatigue, *ennui*, discomfort, and general disgust.

#### THE SCIENCE OF MOONING.

THERE are few conventional fictions so daring and gratuitous as that which declares perfect solitude to be conducive to human happiness. From time immemorial poets and moralists have insisted that man is happiest when most alone; and, although every one of us knows that such is not the case, we allow the maxim to go as one that ought to be true. We are all familiar with the arguments of the advocates of solitude. Following, in a meretricious way, the old religious notions, that man could best please the Deity by thwarting and denying every faculty and function with which the Deity had endowed him, they utter pious aspirations to be removed from the vices and follies of their fellow-men, and would fain take refuge among squirrels and spiders. Their gentle spirits are wounded by the pricks and stings of ordinary life; the depravity of mankind offends their moral sensitiveness; and, being unable to find on earth a companionship sufficiently noble and exalted, they prefer to hold amicable relations with the beasts of the field and the birds of the air. There is an admirable vagueness about the conditions of this visionary bliss. As the disciple of this school of philosophy lays himself down in a wood, and prays for all his thoughts and feelings and passions to be absorbed into some universal essence of Brahma, he is not informed how to prevent earwigs crawling down his neck, or harvest-bugs burying themselves in the fleshy part of his arm. He is supposed to be proof against the elements; the ideal contemplative man in a mackintosh is a horrible incongruity. His clock is the sun; his table (liberally spread with things that are not eatable) the green surface of the fields around him; his comb and brush the soft fingers of the wind; and he is supposed to have no creditors. It is somewhat unfortunate that this delicious existence should be provocative of hard thoughts. Most advocates of solitude are very bitter against their fellows; whether it is that they wish to exercise a righteous indignation, or, as is more probable, that the horrible physical discomforts of solitude irritate them and cause them to be savage against the only objects on which they can vent their anger. The contemplative man would be guilty of a shocking inconsistency if he murdered the ant which had just bitten him, or slaughtered the bee that had left a swollen protuberance on his upper lip, or plucked up the nettles which had covered his hand with small white blisters. He therefore turns upon his fellow-men, and rends them; thereby glorifying himself and causing them to feel a quickening sense of their own gross depravity in following the instincts of gregarious animals.

We do not charge with insincerity all people who profess to believe that perfect happiness is to be found in perfect idleness. But not the less do we maintain that the apostles of this poetical religion, knowing their own experience, can only excuse themselves on the ground that the pious fraud may do good to the world. The fact is, that contemplation is, by its very nature, sad. Solitude may be advocated as a penance, but not otherwise. Beautiful enough is the idea of laying oneself down on a grassy slope, and shutting out the world and its cares; but they who have tried it know how futile is the attempt. That is the very moment which buried recollections and long-forgotten sorrows seize. All the puzzles of life, the mysterious vagueness of the future, the dim regrets of the past, rise up as one huge nightmare, and oppress the unhappy mind that has fallen into the trance. Limbs may lie supine and eyelids may be closed; but the spirits of doubt, and memory, and apprehension, are busy within, making a ghastly mockery of the repose without. Contemplation inevitably becomes introspective; and introspection is the curse of civilized life. It is when he voluntarily seeks solitude that a man throws away the great blessing of forgetfulness, and tortures himself with recalling buried errors, and hopes, and the memory of dead joys. It is not only to a criminal that solitary confinement becomes insupportable. The treadmill we take to be a merciful institution; the culprit forgets his Whitechapel Sally and his Sunday dog-fights, in the one present need of so economizing his strength as to make the unavoidable stepping less tiresome and painful. Action, definite and imperative, is the only antidote against introspection. If you are on the treadmill, action prevents your harassing yourself with the remembering of happier things; if you have not yet reached the treadmill, action—whether it be on the Stock Exchange, or in shooting pheasants, or in drilling a company of recruits—prevents the mind dwelling upon those puzzles which haunt us

through life, and take every chance moment of idleness to assert themselves. There are too many things which, in whatever way confronted, will never resolve themselves and disappear; and it is better for us altogether to avoid attempting a solution of these universal conundrums. But in the solitude and self-communion which every poet praises, as naturally as a young duck takes to quacking, we simply invite these spectres to come and fight each other, we receiving all the dust and blows of the tournament.

Although the inordinate development in modern life of the nervous functions renders the enjoyment of solitude more certainly than ever an impossibility, we have discovered a more or less suitable substitute, to which no better name can be given than that of mooning. Mooning is the translation into prose of the poetical ecstasies of contemplation. Contemplation is theoretical; mooning is practical. Contemplation bids the lover seek the twilight of some mighty forest, and there, sitting by the side of a musical streamlet, go over in his mind the wonderful excellences and beauties of his mistress: mooning bids him take her with him, and fall into such silent day-dreams as may be most convenient for them both. Contemplation regards the wonders of nature with awe-struck veneration, and allows no ignominious considerations of personal comfort to intervene: mooning is not averse to an arm-chair, and occasionally speculates upon dinner. Contemplation, in short, is a nuisance; while mooning is with some people one of the chief comforts of life. Now, there has been as yet no effort made to reduce mooning to a science; every man invents for himself his own first principles, and conducts his experiments on his own plan. Yet there are certain recognised facts regarding this pursuit which, until some one arise with a system of classification, we may briefly mention. Firstly, the most opportune time for mooning is after dinner. The hovering between wakefulness and a sweet digestive slumber is in itself a form of mooning which the dullest minds can reach. Then all things are wrapped in a soft haze; and a vague delight descends upon the contented soul. Falls in the funds are forgotten; man and nature wear a more beautiful aspect; you could look your mother-in-law in the face without wishing her in Constantinople. Patriotism, philanthropy, and unlimited good-will flourish in such a frame of mind; but they do so in a gentle, unobtrusive manner, which does not imperil either person or purse. Twilight, out of doors, is another favourable opportunity for this fashionable amusement. The age and sex of one's companion have also a good deal to do with mooning at such a time; but, in default of a companion, a cigar may be employed with advantage. Much mooning is done in church, especially if there be painted windows above the altar; and during the walk home most people employ their time in gravely pondering over nothing in particular, which is a decided form of mooning. Sunday afternoon is generally devoted to this pastime by young ladies, who find themselves greatly assisted by Mr. Tupper's "Proverbial Philosophy." Indeed, all Mr. Tupper's works are directly provocative of mooning, and must form one of the principal instruments of the science which we want to see established. In the mean time, what we want is commissioners to gather statistics. We do not believe that society itself knows the habit of mooning into which it has fallen, in church, at the opera, and elsewhere. These commissioners ought to be able to distinguish between mental vacuity and stupefaction; marking down only victims of the latter as persons addicted to mooning. The increased consumption of wine and the fresh efforts of Mr. Tupper have given the prevailing habit of society an importance which it never had before, and which cannot now be overlooked.

#### RESOURCES.

BESIDES the special gifts and graces with which most men and women believe themselves to be endowed, there are certain other talents which they think they possess, and which, like that last sovereign which the hero of old novels used to sew up in his waistband, are not to be brought out except in cases of extremity and distress. When a man, desperately in debt, for instance, talks courageously about falling back upon his own resources, in nine cases out of ten he does not know in the least how the process is to be effected, but he has always held on by the consciousness that somehow or other there are various means of living, and that he, as a clever fellow, cannot fail to succeed when he seriously sets to work. Australia, some years ago, was a popular resource for gentlemen, who went there to dig, and usually returned home with large beards to beg. Curiously enough the most difficult of professions is often regarded in this light by dunces, who have only brains

enough to lose money; and a young gentleman driven to the wall by stress of duns, will speak of going to the bar as if the way was clear for him to the woolsack the moment he chose to take it. But the genuine man of resources is your industrious vagabond, your merchant unattached, who is ready to do anything which will turn in money at the shortest notice, and whose exuberant abilities for speculation keep him incessantly promoting schemes and extending his operations into novel and unheard-of quarters. Of course, when he speaks of falling back on his resources, he literally means coming dexterously upon the resources of other people, and explaining the accident with such plausibility and effectiveness that he does not leave without being the better for the occurrence. Such a man only drops short of being a genius by a very slight degree. His notions are as vast as the ocean. As Lamb said of the borrower, "he esteems money (yours and mine especially) as mere dross." Let him smash in railways, and you will find him turning up in a mine; let him be swallowed up in a discount company, and he will quickly reappear in a finance association, as sleek and as brilliant as ever. He is irrepressible and indomitable. And he does it all without capital—at least without capital of his own. Perhaps this is the grand secret of his unflagging spirit and perseverance. He cannot be ruined. At the worst he will find himself whence he started, and once there he is ready to make a fresh effort. How many men are there in London of this kind? How do they contrive to meet unavoidable engagements, how to postpone indefinitely a day of reckoning—of complete reckoning when the facts will come out that there is a bill of sale on the drawing-room furniture, and that the landlord has property deeds locked up as security for rent? It is the sense and feeling of possessing resources which carries them through as gallantly as if they had a substantial balance to their credit at the bankers.

Commercial resources, however, do not exhaust the conditions under which this subject may be brought. Social resources are worth our attention. We know there are people utterly destitute of the faculty which provides resources, and people inconveniently gifted with an abnormal quantity of it. Women, as a rule, are full of resources. They make better conversationalists than men on this account, and as language was given to us, according to the cynic, to conceal our thoughts, it may be that ladies, who use a great deal of it, hide their real notions in proportion. So restricted is the sphere of unmarried ladies, that it seems a merciful ordination of nature that they should possess independent resources to prevent their minds from stagnating in the wearisome dulness of middle-class existence. Of course, when a lover is caught he becomes an endless resource; wishing for one is another; and regretting the loss of several may be a third. To a man, unless he is morbidly sentimental, those incidents will not supply sufficient material for his thoughts to feed upon constantly, but a woman will depasture on them mentally for months. There is no worse sign of a man's disposition than that he can be pleased or cast down by trifles. They should in no particular interrupt the course of living which he ought to lay down for himself. With a woman the circumstances assume a different magnitude. Trifles may to her be not only important, but what she may consider more interesting than if they were positively important, they may be exciting, and consequently become resources in that inner life where things are brought to be pondered over and made much of. Accomplishments, properly speaking, are not resources in our sense of the word. They are seldom used by ladies in such a connection. A woman will prefer to moon rather than play the piano when a feminine trouble seizes hold of her. But her mind is so quick and vivid that she has endless mental resources in which to hide. Children also possess this quality. They are recreated by trifles, and kept vitalized intellectually by the simplest means until they begin to take the real measure of things. In fact, richness of resource implies an absence of standard and ordinary comparisons. The speculative stockbroker, the inventor, the lady compelled to think, or the child aching to amuse itself, are all equally incapable of recognising the consequence or triviality of the subjects which are brought under their notice or which emanate from themselves. No doubt these people are the happiest. Responsibilities never disturb them much. Every fresh mutation awakens their capacities for the pleasurable excitation derived from feeding their inward resources of enjoyment. They are the true philosophers. They are superior even to the gentleman who had brought himself to think and to say "there's nothing new, there's nothing true, and I don't care." His was the hectic, languid indifference of depletion, theirs the exhilarating gratification of fulness. Harsh and cynical persons might charac-

terize the resources of such people as the result of born foolishness, and describe their strength in this particular to a cause analogous to that which makes a congenital idiot usually fat and large limbed. But if happiness be relative, the people of multiplied resources must be happiest. For instance, what delight an alderman can extract out of turtle-soup, what felicity a woman can take in torturing a lover, what intense satisfaction a bad poet can derive from reading his own verses! In each case, those individuals would feel wronged, and naturally so, if you were to call in question the morality of their respective pleasures. Their tastes were given them, they would answer, for enjoyment; and if one man prefers the study of politics to the guzzling of calipash, if a woman prefers passive admiration to the excruciating pleasures of flirting, if a young gentleman, who ought to do anything rather than write verses, will persist in stringing rhymes together, what tangible explanation can you give for interfering with the liberty the subject possesses of doing what he likes with his own mind in a free country?

There is an amusing series of sketches by Gustave Doré representing the utter destitution of a crack regiment in provincial quarters. The artist shows you a picture of a High-street with a crowd of military men loafing about in an agonizing state of idleness, without a bonnet in sight, without even a perambulator to remind them of town. We know that the resources of the barracks in such cases are slight indeed, and those of the mess-room distractingly few. In the navy things are even worse. The very thought of men being obliged to remain for three years dodging from one African creek to another after slavers, in the same vessel, is enough to induce a sense of desolation, when considered impersonally. We once inquired of a lieutenant what he did under the circumstances, and he replied curtly—"Well, I drank rum and went to bed." On shore we are afraid that gentlemen whose resources are neither commercial, social, literary, military, or naval, drink from sheer vacancy, and often, unfortunately for their friends, do not follow up so completely the rest of the programme of the lieutenant condemned to the African station. The bottle is a resource which has become an institution. The whispers of large glasses in society indicate to what an extent it is popularized. Better silliness than this resource; better, we had almost written roguery, for a sot is a rogue, and cheats all who deal with him—who trust the faculties he muddles and stupifies. But our disquisition must not land us on a teetotal platform. Those who want honest resources must look for them in honourable industry, in art, and in true philosophy.

## NOTES OF THE WEEK.

If Europe be still disturbed and uneasy, it is not for want of assurances that France has none but the most pacific tendencies and designs. The Emperor, on the morning of the 30th ult., held out a very conspicuous olive-branch at the Lille Bourse, for the contemplation and comfort of the world. In replying to a speech delivered by the President of the Chamber of Commerce, he said:—"Business would progress better if certain journals did not exaggerate the situation. I hope that commerce will improve with the certainty of peace, and I shall do everything in my power to re-establish confidence." This is very well as far as it goes; yet there cannot be a doubt that the interview at Salzburg had a political character. The Marquis de Moustier, it is true, talks to the Legations about the meeting being for purposes of courtesy and condolence; yet in the same breath he says that "it forms a guarantee for the peace of Europe." Now, it is quite clear that a mere interchange of personal courtesy and condolence can neither threaten nor assure the peace of Europe. Therefore it may be said to have been officially admitted that "the situation" was discussed at Salzburg by the Imperial friends, and that the eventualities of the future were provided for. In the *Débats*, moreover, an article, having a semi-official character, has appeared, which states that the French and Austrian Emperors came to the conclusion that the interests of their respective countries are identical, that they regard the maintenance of peace as an object very necessary to be secured, but that this could only be done by "the observance, alike in the letter and the spirit, of the treaties which are in existence between the different countries of Europe." If this be reliable, it is clear that both France and Austria have resolved upon regarding any departure from the Treaty of Prague—any advance by Prussia towards a further realization of German unity—as a *casus belli*. Prussia is certainly bent on such an

advance; and herein lies the peril of the future. In the meanwhile, however, the Paris and Vienna Cabinets seem to have resolved on not making the Slesvig question a pretext for commencing hostilities; for they have recommended the Danish Government to show greater moderation in its demands, and to come to terms with Prussia.

A MORTALITY has seized upon the insurrections this hot weather. It is now pretty certain that the rising in Spain has been a failure. After a variety of contradictory reports, which it would be a mere waste of time to recall, it is announced, upon what appears to be reliable authority, that the insurgents, having failed to obtain, to any considerable extent, the assistance of the military, upon which they had reckoned, have succumbed to the superior force brought against them. Prim, therefore, has again miscalculated, and it seems not unlikely that O'Donnell is the man of the future. In Crete, the last hopes of the insurrection have died out with the sinking of the now famous blockade-runner, the *Arkadi*. The Turkish Government have proclaimed an amnesty, and are consulting with the foreign Ministers at Constantinople on the best means of tranquillizing the island. If the Porte is really resolved on doing justice to the Christians, it may even yet recover its authority.

ROUMANIA has just gone through a Ministerial crisis. The French Government having made a direct application to Prince Charles to remove his Premier, Bratiano, on account of his persecution of the Jews, the Prince summoned another Cabinet to assist him with its councils. But the new Ministers are said to be, with one or two exceptions, the creatures of Bratiano, and the Minister of Public Works is his brother. Gulesco is at the head of the Cabinet, and it is thought that he will simply act at the bidding of the late Premier. Altogether, the prospect is not hopeful; but, as regards the Jews, Sir Moses Montefiore telegraphs from Bucharest, under date the 31st ult., that his endeavours have been crowned with success.

GENERAL GRANT was no sooner installed, *ad interim*, in the office of Secretary of War at Washington, than he had a disagreement with the President who had placed him there. Mr. Johnson ordered the removal of General Sheridan from the command of the Fifth Military District, on the ground that he had been unduly severe with the Democrats, and that he could do less mischief in the Department of the Missouri, whither he was to be transferred. General Grant protested, and held over the order. Some correspondence ensued, and ultimately Grant gave in, and Sheridan is removed. The President, therefore, for once in a way, has succeeded in his policy; but these perpetual disagreements are putting the United States in an unfavourable light before the eyes of Europe, only too ready to think evil where republics are concerned.

By the further correspondence just issued on the *Alabama* claims it appears that the British Government has consented to a "limited reference to arbitration" in regard to those claims, "and adjudication, by means of a mixed commission, of general claims." Considering that Lord Russell refused to allow an arbitration, this is a liberal advance; and it is much to be hoped that Mr. Seward will be equally conciliatory, and the question be disposed of by the impartial judgment of a third party.

THE convicts of Western Australia have presented a memorial to the Legislative Council, making certain disclosures of the treatment to which they have been subjected at Fremantle. If the statements be true, and a letter which one of the warders of the establishment has written to the Howard Association shows that they are not quite without foundation, there seems to have been as gross an abuse of power by those in authority as has ever come before the public. The convicts complain that the limits which the law has placed upon the punishments they have to undergo have been systematically disregarded. They assert that whilst corporeal punishment should not exceed fifty lashes, "the prisoner, in nearly every case, receives 100 lashes for frivolous disciplinary offences." That whilst imprisonment in dark cells on bread and water should not extend beyond seven consecutive or twenty-eight alternate days, with at least an hour a day for exercise, the usual custom at Fremantle is to extend the punishment to twenty-eight consecutive days, and sometimes as far as

thirty, forty, or fifty, without light, air, or exercise; and that there is no settled or authorized scale of prison rules. The convicts assert that they are too terrified to make any complaint to the visiting justices, as should the justices be of opinion that the complaint is groundless, the severest punishment follows. One case is mentioned which certainly goes some way to confirm these accusations. Eight men having been charged with attempting to run away from Fremantle Bridge, the magistrate before whom they were brought stated that he had been directed by the Governor to sentence them to two years' hard labour in irons, and this remarkable judgment having been delivered, the Acting Comptroller-General stood up and read the following additional sentence from the Governor for the same offence:—"These men are to be kept in dark cells on bread and water till the surgeon reports that they can bear it no longer without danger to their lives." We have no desire to shield the Australian convicts from the just punishments which their offences deserve, but it is not to be tolerated that they should be deprived of that protection, however slight, which the law affords them. The truth of these complaints should be inquired into, and if these lawless acts of tyranny we have detailed have been committed, the perpetration of them must not be permitted to go unpunished.

THE British Association for the Advancement of Science are now abroad for the purpose of enlightening the country, and organizing excursions to interesting ruins. Professor Tyndall on "Matter and Force" is offered as an attraction, with a soirée and a conversazione, while Mr. Geike on "The Geological Origin of the Present Scenery of Scotland" is to be followed by a concert given under the auspices of the Dundee St. Cecilia and Philharmonic Society. In Ireland the National Association for the Promotion of Social Science meet in Belfast on Wednesday, the 18th, and terminates its proceedings on Wednesday, the 25th. All kinds of questions are to be brought under its notice, "social science" being now understood to comprehend both the law of copyright and the science of legerdemain. We have not much faith in the working of this modern peripatetic philosophy, and one of the best things effected by it is the wholesome discharge of nonsense which takes place, and which might as well once for all be got rid of in the provinces instead of being dribbled into metropolitan journals and institutes.

THOSE who delight in entertainments of the sensationally dangerous sort, have had quite a treat lately at Brighton. A new "professor" has started up, whose feat consists in diving into comparatively shallow water from heights of upwards of one hundred feet. This individual, whose name is Worthington, and who calls himself a "sensation" and "star" diver, had announced his "last sensation dive" at Brighton a few days since, and appeared upon the head of Brighton Chain-pier, prepared to take his plunge into the sea, which was then nearly at dead low water. The "professor" had given as one of the features of his entertainment that he would turn completely in the air on his way downwards, and as on one occasion before, in effecting this not very remarkable exploit, he secured for himself a swollen and disfigured face, the most sanguine expectations must have been formed of an accident. The result equalled the brightest hopes. The unfortunate man, anxious it is said to make up for the disadvantages arising from the shallowness of the water, took his plunge, and instead of going into the water head foremost, fell flat upon it, was lost to sight for a moment, and then lay upon the water like a log with his head downwards. It is said that the "professor," who does not appear to have been much injured, is about to give his entertainment at the Crystal Palace. We hope he will do nothing of the sort.

A STRANGE account of systematic pig-killing is published in the current number of the *Atlantic Monthly*. The Cincinnati "Banner Slaughter and Pork Packing House" seems a model of its kind. The pigs are marched up an inclined plane to the top of a store, and squeezed into a small room, where they must remain standing, and thrust their heads forward. "The fifteen animals awaiting the stroke of fate express their emotions in the language natural to them, and the noise is great." The executioner takes a long slender hammer, and with one blow finishes the pig, who remains without falling, stark and grim, so that you can estimate the work got through by the gradual silence of the place. Then comes the sticker, the scalding, the scraper, and the artist who is called the "gutter."

"One long swift cut down the whole length of the body—and two or three rapid in-and-out cuts in the inside—and the entire respiratory and digestive apparatus lies smoking on the table. . . . This operation, here performed in twenty seconds, and which is frequently done by the same man 1,500 times a day, takes an ordinary butcher ten minutes. This man earns six dollars and a half a day, while no one else receives more than four, and if he is absent from his post, his substitute, who has seen the thing done for years, can only perform it one-fifth as fast, and the day's work of the house is reduced to one-half of its ordinary production. . . . The proprietors of these porking-houses pay the owners of the animals sixty cents for the privilege of killing them, and derive their profits from the refuse; the bristles of a hog are worth seventeen cents, his tongue five cents; the hair and fat of the intestines pay the entire cost of killing, dressing, and packing."

THE story of the *John T. Ford* ought to be a warning for the class of people who furnish "sensations" for public places by doing things for which their friends ought to have them locked up. The dismal tale of this crossing the Atlantic in a boat of two and a half tons is related by a survivor who was rescued and carried into London by the *Antigua*, all his companions having miserably perished. Nobody can tell what good is effected by such excursions, and yet, when they by chance succeed, we have a general salute fired off by the paragraphists of the press of "daring enterprise," "courageous feat," &c., all of which serve to entice other fools into similar performances. If, instead of having their boat exhibited and their names advertised in the papers, the men who risk their lives in such excursions were arrested on their arrival here as dangerous lunatics, a stop might be put to the business. A fool may not do with his life as he wishes; communities have a right to see that he does not set a bad example.

THE great charm of a policeman's life—next, of course, to the loving attentions of cooks—must be the perfect reliance which some people repose in his courage and strength. We have had many examples of this, but by far the most entertaining is the demand made upon certain members of the force a few days since at Harrow. A bell-hanger who, having indulged in refreshment of a stimulating nature for a period of five days, utilized his acquired boldness by venturing up into the middle of the leaden spire of Harrow Church. Once there, he amused himself by singing "Oh, Kafoozle-um," and thrusting his garments through a hole in the lead, to the terror of the spectators below, who momentarily expected to see the owner throw himself headlong out. A carpenter and coachman having attempted to remove the fellow from his awkward position, and shrunk back in fear, the police, to use the words of the newspaper reporter, "were then called, and were requested, in the name of the churchwardens," to effect the rescue, and with this reasonable demand of the parish magnate they succeeded in complying.

THE Mertens murder is attracting pic-nic parties to Fontainebleau, and the spot where the woman was killed is regularly engaged for *fêtes champêtres*. Photographs of the umbrella, the gloves, and the fan of Mertens are sold in the neighbourhood, and we are told that ladies, after feasting on the place where the body was found, act the scene of the discovery in a manner which is described by the *Liberté* as "very new, very ingenious, and very amusing." At the Hotel de Paris the *lauréates* of two of the principal ladies' schools in Paris were brought by their good parents to dine in the rooms occupied by Frigard and her victim as a treat after the distribution of premiums. Longfellow in "Kavanagh" describes a butcher who carried his wife on a honeymoon trip to the assize town in order to see a man hung, but the fleshers' notion of entertainment was scarcely as gross as that of those refined French men and women who go to enjoy a dinner in an apartment redolent of infamy, and who can drink champagne with a new zest when the cork flies off over the scene of a death-struggle.

THOSE who are acquainted with the habits of the nigger, and his weakness for that military full dress which seldom extends beyond a red shell jacket and long "dane gun," will be not a little surprised to hear that certain of the interesting inhabitants of the western coast of Africa have taken with some degree of pride to the cast-off and quiet-coloured uniform of a Lancashire rifle corps. In justice to Sambo's taste, however, it ought to be mentioned that he adopts the sober grey rather from a sense of duty than from choice. Some of the seaports on the western coast of Africa have their volunteer corps like any one of our provincial towns, though with what object beyond that of

affording "black gentlemen" an opportunity of strutting about as proud as peacocks has not yet been explained. The negro emulates us not only in arms, but in law; and acquires the position of a full-fledged advocate with infinitely greater ease than his professional brethren in this country. He pays five pounds, gets a certificate of respectability, which is about as truthful as such certificates generally are, orders a second-hand wig, black gown and bands from England, and thus adorned struts about under a blazing sun, the envy of even his military friends.

THE Poet Close has printed another volume of verse, and for selling it by the roadside was indignantly ordered to move on by a policeman. The miserable constable is now suffering for his cruelty by being impaled in a stanza such as this:—

"Move on! move on!" the policeman cries,  
 'Such as you must not sit down here;'  
 'Aye, I'll move on,' quoth the Poet, with a frown,  
 'And I'll move you too, never fear!  
 I'll make England ring with this shameful thing,  
 Until you're a bye-word for all;  
 No one insults Poet Close, and escapes scot free.  
 He'll make you sing very small!  
 His teeth the Poet crunched, and in passion fairly danced."

It would appear that the rector of the county in which the poet resides did not subscribe to the volume, and he also has been severely dealt with.

"Those aged Yews were kinder than the Rector,  
 Who never spoke to us a Gentle Word,  
 Or whisper'd in our ear about that Heav'n,—  
 That 'Better Land' where POETS need not ask  
 For BREAD TO FEED THEIR LITTLE CHILDREN DEAR,  
 Or Tear will fall from Sorrow's Eye."

We should like to see a "Complete Begging-letter Writer" edited by the Poet Close. Why does he waste such fine verses in a provincial town, when so many new magazines are starting every day in London?

It is said that there is a proposal on foot for effecting the amalgamation of the thirteen London gas companies into four, and assigning to those four separate districts. The Chartered, the London, the Equitable, and the Western, are to have one district; the Imperial and the Independent are to have another; the City of London, the Central, and the Commercial a third; and the Phoenix, the South Metropolitan, and the Surrey, a fourth. The companies in the first district, in the year 1866, supplied 2,650,832,000 cubic feet of gas. Those in the second, 2,761,017,000 cubic feet. Those in the third, 1,690,340,551 cubic feet; and those in the fourth, 1,551,328,000 cubic feet. We have little doubt that this arrangement, if carried out, may tend to increase the dividends which the "trustees, clergymen, and widows," who are said to mainly compose the holders of shares in gas companies, are to receive, but that it will either cheapen or improve gas, or in any way work for the benefit of the public, is, at least, open to doubt.

MR. GLADSTONE presided at a meeting held at Penmaenmawr, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, and after paying the usual oratorical compliment to the greatness of this country, he proceeded to state the condition of religious feeling, and the dangers to which it was exposed by the modern spirit of research. "There were times in the early periods when a Pagan reaction threatened to overflow the territory that had been gained by the Gospel." The speech was distinguished by a great fluency of orthodox opinion of the safe kind. Referring to Bishop Colenso, Mr. Gladstone alluded to the "pain and scandal" given by the publication of the views of that prelate, but said he would not pronounce upon the merits of the discussion.

THE Directors of the London Labourers' Dwellings Society (Limited) have issued their twelfth report, for the half-year ending June 30, 1867, and have declared the usual dividend of 5 per cent. per annum, free of income-tax. The report shows progress in the right direction. These speculations do not promise the large results which others have held out as a bait to investors, but what they do promise they perform. It is clear from the experience of this society that the providing of suitable dwellings for the working classes may be left to the ordinary operations of speculation.

A VERY harmless political tea party, at which Lord Ravensworth presided over the bread-and-butter, was reported in the

*Times* this week as a meeting of the Newcastle-on-Tyne Constitutional Association. Lord Ravensworth, who is known to have translated Horace gracefully, spoke about the "British Constitution," and expressed himself strongly in favour of his own speech and principles previously delivered during the session.

TERRYOLATRY was becoming so obtrusive a faith amongst some gentlemen of the press, that we are not disconsolate at the retirement of the object of their worship. They should look out for a new actress to expend their enthusiasm upon at once. A suspicion is rife that the lady clothed with praises as with a garment was, in a great measure, a lay figure, on which clever journalists and journalists who are not clever agreed to display the finest things in writing of the season. One thing seems to us out of taste in the matter. Miss Terry is congratulated so warmly upon having got a husband, that the world may think she was exceptionally fortunate. What dramatic critics have to do with her success in this particular we cannot comprehend.

To the minds of those jurymen who are called upon to perform their duties in that remarkable home of justice, the Middlesex Sessions-house, the term "common assault" seems to have a most comprehensive meaning. A ruffian who was charged with beating a man whilst he was lying on the ground, and kicking him repeatedly with such brutal violence in the eye that he lost the sight of it for ever, was merely convicted of a common assault, and sentenced to three months' imprisonment. If jurors do not acquire a little more intelligence, we may expect to find a "common assault" the definition of every outrage that does not attain to the dignity of murder, and quite as useful to English criminals as "extenuating circumstances" has been to French ones.

THE manner in which a grateful country rewards the long services of a common soldier was exemplified by the finding of a Waterloo veteran in a ditch at Penrith, who, on being removed to the workhouse, died. He was in receipt of a Government pension of sixpence a day for two years after he obtained his discharge from the army; but as that sum did not enable him to lay by an income for his old age, he became a scarecrow for recruits.

THE following advertisement from a daily contemporary appears to be evidence that there is still something like romance in the world:—

"To \* \* \*—And I, my sweetest, dearest love! from my heart of hearts, breathe the expression of my undying, unchangeable affection. Let our confidence in each other's love sustain and solace us under present circumstances, and teach us to wait patiently. Do not, until you are quite well able, write to me. I would not, for all the exquisite happiness your letters give me, add in the minutest degree to your difficulties or anxieties. When you can send me a letter I feel that you will. I know that you will, my darling, my life, my hope!"

What strange people those must be who thus murmur their affectionate exchanges through the columns of a penny paper! Is there a special fascination to Paul in the fact that when he coos to Virginia at the rate of so much a line, his plaint will be circulated far and wide, and his compliments surrounded by a bouquet of announcements referring to "dogs lost" and "light porters"? The luxury of the proceeding is rather incomprehensible to the uninitiated.

THE late judgment of Sir James Wilde in the Thwaytes' will case, which has excited so much discussion and such well-merited admiration, does not end the litigation between the relations of Mrs. Thwaytes and Dr. Smith. It is said that the Dr. has determined upon having the case considered by the House of Lords, and has lodged an appeal to that tribunal. In a litigation involving so large a stake this is only what might have been expected.

THE Abyssinian prisoners are said to have been released by Theodore, at the intercession of the Armenian Bishop Isaac; but another account repeats the news of a few weeks ago, of their having been separated by the rebels from the Emperor. In either case, the intelligence is favourable, and we may perhaps be allowed to hope the best.

## FINE ARTS.

## MUSIC.

WE briefly adverted last week to the commencing performances of the Birmingham Festival, and have now to refer specially to the two novelties produced too late to allow of notice in our last number. Professor Sterndale Bennett's sacred cantata, "The Woman of Samaria" (performed on the Wednesday morning), and Mr. J. F. Barnett's secular cantata, "The Ancient Mariner" (given at the evening concert of Thursday). Both these works were composed expressly for the Birmingham music-meeting of this year. Many past occasions of this festival (as we have already said) having also been distinguished by commissions given to composers, both English and foreign; the production of "Elijah" in 1846 under Mendelssohn's own direction being an event that will for ever associate the name of Birmingham with the composer and the oratorio. Not only for these reasons, but also on account of its exceptionally fine performances, does the Birmingham festival take unquestioned precedence of all our provincial music-meetings. The chorus, almost entirely composed of local choristers, is unsurpassed in the highest qualities of choral singing; grand resonance of tone, unfaltering precision of execution, and sympathetic attention to the refinements of gradation and expression. Add to this an orchestra consisting of about 140 instrumentalists, comprising the best performers of both our opera-houses, and some of the greatest solo singers, Italian and English, now before the public; and it may be imagined what an effect is produced in a noble room like the Birmingham Town-hall, as excellent for its acoustic properties as for its imposing proportions and aspect. A new work produced under such circumstances has every advantage in its favour, and we are glad to be able to add, in the present case, that the novelties brought forward were not unworthy of these accessories.

Professor Bennett has hitherto been exclusively known as a composer of chamber-music; his concert-overtures, his concertos, and other pieces for the pianoforte, having gained him high renown both here and in Germany. His recent essay is his first attempt at an important work in the sacred style, and his success has been so real and decided that it is to be hoped he will still further pursue this path. His setting of the Scriptural episode of the Woman of Samaria evinces a high perception of the requirements of the religious style in music, and a thorough study of the best models of that school. His work is perhaps a little overlaid with narrative recitative, which sometimes, although well-written and relieved by some skilful orchestral accompaniments, becomes somewhat monotonous; but in the choruses Professor Bennett displays both power of construction and depth and earnestness of sentiment. The chorale at the commencement, "Ye Christian People" (Luther's hymn sustained by the sopranos of the chorus in syncopated rhythm, giving the effect of common time against the triple time of the accompaniment)—is most skilfully contrived and effective in performance. The chorus, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel," has much grace and beauty; rather marred, however, than aided by the incidental use of the triangle. A short chorus, "For with Thee is the well of life," although simple in construction, has much religious feeling. The chorus, "Therefore they shall come," written for six-voice parts, is one of the most complete and best developed movements in the whole cantata. The alternation of the cantabile phrases for each group of three voices, contrasted with the triplet accompaniment and *pizzicato* of the stringed instruments, produces a charming effect; while the closing strain, subsiding into a *pianissimo* (admirably sung by the Birmingham choristers) is deeply impressive. This chorus was repeated by an intimation from the president, with whom alone rests this power at the oratorio performances here, when all public demonstrations are withheld. The following short chorus, "Who is the image of the invisible God?" contains some smooth vocal harmony, supported by an organ accompaniment. The chorus, "Come, O Israel," in E flat minor, is dignified and solemn in character; the solid choral harmony being well contrasted with the reiterated chords of the orchestral accompaniment. The chorus, "Abide with us," is a hymn in three verses, the text by Keble; the first verse in two-part, the second in three-part, and the third in full choral harmony—the theme being a simple but impressive melody. In the chorus of the people, "Now we believe," Professor Bennett shows himself a master of the forms of learned writing. Although not a regularly constructed fugue, it is full of clever points of imitation, and inversion of the theme. In the final chorus "And blessed be the Lord God of Israel," Professor Bennett has adhered more closely to the rules of fugal writing—a bold and clearly-defined theme, with a counter-subject, being treated with a free command of counterpoint that evidences the well-grounded student of the best models of this style. Some of the inversions of the principal theme are very happily introduced. This chorus put the seal on the success of the cantata, which was very manifest throughout, in spite of the prescribed absence of applause. In addition to the many passages of incidental recitative, there are three airs, the first for soprano solo, "Art thou greater," which did not produce much effect, though admirably sung by Mdle. Titens. There is some appearance of effort here in the endeavour to provide florid passages for the display of a great singer. The contralto air, "O Lord, thou hast searched me out," is far better in its simple pathos and unaffected expression. This solo, impressively given by Madame Sainton-Dolby, received the president's sign for repetition. The remaining air, for tenor, "His salvation is nigh them

that fear him," had some grace, although not much special character in itself, and is effectively accompanied by some delicate instrumentation in which the violoncellos and the oboe are prominently used. This solo, which was sung with much feeling and refinement by Mr. Cummings, was the third piece encored in Professor Bennett's cantata, which, we should not omit to say, was most ably conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins. The termination of the cantata was hailed with loud and prolonged applause—an innovation permitted in recognition of the success of a new work—and the composer came forward in acknowledgment. We trust soon to hear the "Woman of Samaria" in London.

Mr. Barnett's setting of Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner" is an ambitious attempt in the style of picturesque and romantic music, of which Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis-Nacht" is so splendid an example. To thoroughly realize in music the ghastly and thrilling emotions suggested by Coleridge's poem would require a force of dramatic genius such as Weber or Mendelssohn possessed; and this is not to be expected in the present day. When, however, we meet with a work, albeit somewhat over-ambitious in the attempt, carefully considered, thoughtfully constructed, and evincing a high degree of art acquirement and practical skill, we must not lay too much stress on the fact of its want of that original thought and dramatic power which, however requisite in such an undertaking, are only obtainable from exceptional genius. Mr. Barnett's work contains several specimens of extremely graceful writing, with some effective, and even masterly, orchestral writing, which justify the success it has met with at Birmingham, and are sufficient to authorize that repetition in London which it, as well as Professor Bennett's new work, will doubtless receive before long. "The Ancient Mariner" has no overture, but commences with a few bars of orchestral unison, leading to a graceful cantabile theme for the violoncellos, with syncopated accompaniment. After this short prelude a few simple strains, divided between the chorus and tenor solo, announce the appearance of the doomed narrator—snatches of festive music telling of the wedding-feast delayed by the ghastly narrative. The chorus, "The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd," one of the best written movements in the cantata, has a prominent and gracefully melodious theme, which recurs more than once in the work. There is a flowing undulation of character, with some clever details, in the orchestral accompaniments that render this chorus prominent among the various numbers of the cantata. The bridal chorus, "The bride hath paced into the hall," is lively and animated, although the melodic phrases are somewhat trite. In the chorus, "And now the storm-blast came," Mr. Barnett aims at a degree of picturesque and dramatic effect which it would require something like the genius of Mendelssohn to realize. With some clever writing and much skilful instrumentation there is a want of original impulse of thought, which alone can give real life to music of so ambitious a character. The sequences in unison, for sopranos and altos, answered by tenors and basses, on the phrase, "And he was tyrannous strong," are stale, as may be said of other passages; and although the movement is well put together and skilfully instrumented, it fails to leave any distinct impression. The scena for soprano, "The fair breeze blew," admirably declaimed by Mdlle. Titiens, was especially effective in performance. Mr. Barnett here, as in various other portions of his work, shows that he thoroughly understands orchestral effect, the details of his instrumentation being varied and picturesque. The tenor air, "Down dropt the breeze" (sung by Mr. Sims Reeves) has a certain gloom of character according with the dismal details of the narrative text. The chorus, "About, about, in reel and rout," is a clever piece of characteristic writing, full of fantastic revelry—a little in the style of the Mendelssohn scherzo. This was one of the successful pieces in performance, having been encored. The quartet, "The souls did from their bodies fly," has no special feature except the recurrence of the instrumental passages heard in the introduction to the cantata. Another encore was obtained by the song for Mr. Santley, "O happy living things"—a smoothly-written melody, well calculated for the singer to whom it was allotted. A graceful slumber-song, "O sleep, it is a gentle thing!" (with Corno-Inglese obligato), received full expression from Madame Patey-Whytock; after which comes an elaborate chorus, "The upper air burst into life," full of movement and agitation, and containing some extremely clever instrumentation—a phrase or two reminding us strongly of Mendelssohn's "Walpurgis Night" music, which would seem to have been Mr. Barnett's model in his new work. Passing over an animated quartet, "Around, around," we come to a duet for the "two voices in the air," in which some fanciful effects are produced by the muted violins, contrasting with some graceful vocal phrases. Admirably sung by Mdlle. Titiens and Madame Patey-Whytock, this duet was at once encored. The air for Mr. Santley, "Swiftly, swiftly," is one of the most distinct and complete numbers in the whole work. It contains some good declamatory passages, with well-varied contrasts of time and rhythm, including also a recurrence of the leading phrase of the first chorus. The instrumentation, too, is brilliant, and wrought up to a most effective climax; the whole movement, splendidly sung as it was by Mr. Santley, produced a marked impression. A short air, "The Harbour-bay" (sung by Mr. Sims Reeves), leads to a soprano solo, with chorus for sopranos and altos, "This seraph band," in which are some good mixed effects; the harmony of the female chorus throwing into bright relief the passages for the solo voice, brilliantly sung by Mdlle. Titiens. The final chorus, "What loud uproar," commences with some phrases suggestive of revelry, subsiding into some graceful passages for choral sopranos and altos, reverting to the

commencing theme, and closing with a repetition of the strains of the first chorus of the cantata, which concluded amidst such demonstrations of applause as must have satisfied the composer (who conducted it himself), of the success of his work.

We have bestowed so much space on the specialities of the festival, that we have little room left for comment on other features of the Birmingham meeting. We last week spoke of the splendid performance of "Elijah" on the opening morning (Tuesday week) On Wednesday morning, after Professor Bennett's cantata, "Judas Maccabeus" was given, Mdlle. Nilsson, in the principal soprano solos, confirming the success which she had achieved at the concert of the previous evening. The "Messiah," on Thursday; and Gounod's Mass in G, followed by "Israel in Egypt," on Friday, complete the list of the morning performances. The concert of Tuesday evening included Handel's "Alexander's Feast;" and a miscellaneous selection, in which, as already indicated, Mdlle. Nilsson at once established her success with the Birmingham audience. After Handel's cantata, Madame Arabella Goddard played Mr. Benedict's concerto (conducted by the composer), of which excellent work, and of the lady's admirable performance thereof on other occasions, we have heretofore spoken. The concert of Wednesday evening included Mr. Benedict's cantata, "Saint Cecilia" (conducted by himself), our former praises of which it is unnecessary here to reiterate. The miscellaneous portion of this evening's concert comprised Professor Bennett's excellent pianoforte concerto in F minor, admirably played by Madame Goddard (conducted by Mr. Cusins). On Thursday the miscellaneous selection was preceded by the new cantata, "The Ancient Mariner," noticed above; and on Friday evening the festival closed with a fine performance of "St. Paul," in which, as throughout the whole performances, the admirable singing of the Birmingham chorus was a special feature. The solo singers not already specified were Madame Lemmens-Sherrington and Mr. Weiss. The whole festival, admirably directed by Mr. Costa (with the special exceptions already alluded to), was a thorough success, both in its musical and its financial aspect—in the latter respect the result surpasses that of the most prosperous of past festivals; so that that excellent institution, the Birmingham General Hospital (for the benefit of which these festivals have been held for just a century) will again receive a large addition to its means of doing good. It is proposed to present a testimonial to Mr. J. Oliver Mason, who, as chairman of the Orchestral Committee, has for twenty-one years past been the chief promoter of the prosperity of the Birmingham Musical Festival.

#### THE LONDON THEATRES.

MRS. SCOTT SIDDONS has returned to the Haymarket this week, and has appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It." Her promised appearance as Juliet will soon give us an opportunity of reviewing her capabilities as an actress of high comedy, and juvenile tragedy.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul have opened the Strand Theatre for a fortnight, with their popular vocal and dramatic entertainment. Mr. Howard Paul has improved as an actor, and Mrs. Paul has added several new and effective songs and imitations to her extensive repertory.

The Princess's Theatre was opened on Monday last with the "Streets of London," in which Mr. Vining sustained his original character of Badger. "Arrah-na-Pogue" is announced for Saturday, September 14, on which night the Surrey Theatre will reopen with a new drama called "Nobody's Child," by Mr. Watts Phillips. Mr. Fechter will reappear at the Lyceum as Claude Melnotte in the "Lady of Lyons," re-edited, so it is said, by Lord Lytton, and Sadler's Wells will also reopen with a revival of the Drury Lane spectacular drama of "Azazel," with Mr. H. Loraine and Miss Marriott in the principal characters.

#### SCIENCE.

##### SCIENTIFIC JOTTINGS.

CONTINENTAL physiologists are certainly in advance of us in their investigations of the relation of electricity to muscular action. M. Schultz-Schultzenstein is one of the latest explorers in this field of research, and some of his results are as novel as they are startling to English physiologists. A few of the conclusions at which he arrives we may formulate thus:—(1.) The supposition that living muscle produces electricity is incorrect. If needles be plunged into the foot of a living animal and be placed in communication with the galvanometer no deflection of the needle occurs. (2.) Muscles removed from the body give evidence of electricity, but this is because of the combination of the decomposing tissue with the oxygen of the air. (3.) Salt water causes the galvanometer needle to be very decidedly deflected. This explains why meat like pork which is salted gives evidence of electricity. (4.) The supposed electric current in the human muscle is solely caused by the salt water in contact with the tissue. (5.) In diseased structures the electric current is derived from the decomposing tissues. (6.) The electricity of the secretions is similarly produced. M. Schultz-Schultzenstein's final assertion is that "*L'électricité animale est une illusion.*"

Some strange experiments have recently been made by Herr Holm, with a view to discover the nature of inflammation of the

liver. He drew a silk thread through the liver of a healthy animal, and, leaving it a few days in the gland, he then withdrew it, and submitted it to microscopic examination. He then found that the thread was full of newly-developed cells in the state of granular tissue. From this fact he concludes that the ordinary hepatic cells had undergone degeneration into inflammatory products.

Herr Dove has presented a memoir to the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, in which he discusses the following extremely interesting optical points:—(1.) The formations of white by uniting the colours of the spectrum. (2.) The subjective colours in the electric spark. (3.) The inversions in monocular or binocular vision of perspective drawings or transparent bodies. (4.) The polarization of light by successive reflections.

The Pascal and Newton controversy appears at last to be decided. The evidence adduced both by M. Faugère and Sir David Brewster, prove the documents produced by M. Charles to be very rude forgeries. They are not in Pascal's handwriting, and they contain abundant internal evidences of their falsity. One of M. Faugère's arguments is a good one. He says that in the supposed letters allusion is made to the floating of particles in a cup of coffee. This illustration could not have been employed by Pascal, since coffee was not introduced into Paris till 1690, by Soliman Aga, long after the date of the documents in Mr. Charles' possession.

M. Serres has just presented to the French Academy a third note on the anatomy of the Mesothorium.

The subject of electro-magnetism is being investigated by M. Volpicelli, to whose researches we shall refer in a future number.

Section of the pneumogastric nerves has always been regarded by experimental physiologists as an operation of a very serious, if not of a fatal character. The researches, however, which M. Vulpian has just published in a paper read before the Société Philomathique show that, under certain circumstances, this operation may be performed without any unsatisfactory results. M. Vulpian says that no danger follows section of the pneumogastric nerves when an interval of a few weeks is allowed to elapse between the section of the right nerve and that of the left one. He reports the following experiment:—"On the 5th of October, 1865, I divided the right pneumogastric nerve of a dog in the middle of the neck, and then brought the two ends together with a suture. On the 15th of March, 1866, I performed a similar operation on the left nerve. The results of the operation were vomiting for about a fortnight, and restoration to health in a month after the operation."

In a valuable paper published in the proceedings of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, Mr. J. G. Lynde records a series of observations with polarized light on the movement of the chlorophyll corpuscles of the plant known as *Vallisneria spiralis*. He considers that he has clearly ascertained that the movement of the corpuscles is due to the action of extremely minute filaments known as *cilia*, which are in constant motion. His observations were conducted with the assistance of the polariscope and a  $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch object-glass.

It appears that an American spiritualist has applied for a patent for an apparatus for seeing ghosts. The invention consists in the employment of a chamber to which air is admitted by a stopcock, and light by a small piece of dark blue glass. The inventor states that the bodies of ghosts are so subtle that ordinary light is not reflected from them, and hence they cannot be perceived without the employment of the means suggested by the inventor.

A correspondent of the *Chemical News* thus explains the origin of the word naphtha. In the 1st chapter of the 2nd Book of Maccabees, and verses 19 to 36, there appears, among other statements, the following:—"So when the matter was known, it was told the King of Persia that in the place where the priests that were led away had hid the fire there appeared water. . . . And Nehemias called this thing naphthar, which is as much as to say, a cleansing."

## MONEY AND COMMERCE.

### THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

In nearly all departments of commerce business remains exceedingly inactive. The only exception has been the freight market, which has long been depressed, but experienced a sudden and marked improvement on the demand for vessels to take out troops and stores for the Abyssinian expedition. The report, however, that the captives have been released caused a partial reaction, although as yet the warlike preparations have not been countermanded. The news has been received with universal satisfaction, a costly and profitless war, even where its necessity is admitted, being naturally viewed with the utmost disfavour in mercantile circles. Owing to this last intelligence and the general fineness of the weather, prices on the Stock Exchange have improved, although the advance from one or two adverse circumstances is less than might have been expected. A report, for example, has been current that the new Four per Cent. loan of £4,000,000 to the dominion of Canada under the guarantee of the Imperial Government for the intercolonial railway is about to be immediately introduced.

The statement is evidently premature, as the sanction of the new Legislature, which does not meet until October, will be required to the Act. Another point also which has tended to check the recovery in the funds is the general want of business, and the consequent absence of many dealers from town. It almost invariably occurs that when transactions are few, prices are apt to decline.

One of the prominent features of the past week has been an increased demand for foreign bonds. The most speculative and low-priced descriptions have been chiefly bought, especially Mexican and Spanish Passive. No reason can be assigned for this movement beyond the fact that the quotations are very depressed, although perhaps fully equal to the intrinsic value of these securities. It seems hopeless, on financial grounds alone, to expect a dividend for many years to come on Mexican bonds, and in all probability the new Government will formally repudiate every engagement contracted by the late Emperor. As regards Spanish Passive the prospect is not much better. The proposed conversion of that debt appears to have practically fallen through, and Spanish Ministers of Finance, both present and prospective, are not unlikely to make this a pretext for putting off altogether the recognition of claims, the justice of which has never been disputed. Even Greek stock has occasionally been inquired for, notwithstanding that it stands if possible in a worse category than the other two.

Owing to the slackness of trade the demand for money shows no sign of increase. The Bank rate is maintained at 2 per cent., but in the open market the terms range between  $1\frac{1}{2}$  and  $1\frac{3}{4}$ , with few bills offering. Considerable arrivals of gold are reported almost daily, and the foreign exchanges remain firm. Hence a further large sum has been taken to the Bank in the past week, and other amounts are likely to follow. The gathering of the harvest being now completed in at least the greater part of the kingdom, the coin that has lately been absorbed for this purpose will again be returned to the Bank. Towards the close of the present month, therefore, the bullion at that establishment may be anticipated to rise far in excess of even the enormous total held now. On the other hand, it may be noted that silver is rather more in demand for exportation to the East. The India Office have virtually annulled the issue of Government bills on India by charging such high rates that no one is found to tender. The motive is easily explained. The Abyssinian expedition will necessarily cause a large outlay, of which the greater part will in the first instance be provided out of the Indian Treasury. The Government consequently desire to keep their cash balances, particularly at Bombay, as high as possible. But since Government bills are no longer available for remittance, traders will have to send silver instead. Considering, however, the present state of trade, it is not probable that these shipments will be of any magnitude, and the exceptional circumstances that causes them, is, it may be hoped, already removed.

It is satisfactory to find that the debentures issued by our Colonial Governments are steadily advancing in the public estimation, and nearly every day fresh purchases of these securities take place. The buyers are in all, or nearly all, instances *bona-fide* holders, who take the bonds for permanent investment, and not for speculation. For some time back the Indian guaranteed railway stocks have been in constant demand, and the supply so scarce that it was difficult to effect any but the smallest purchases. This inquiry has now, apparently, been diverted to all classes of colonial debenture, Canadian and Australian being prominently in request. Hitherto these loans have been raised for industrial purposes, and it is to be hoped that the various Governments, seeing the readiness with which they are absorbed, will not be thereby encouraged to incur lavish expenditure, trusting to meet whatever deficit may happen by placing fresh issues on the London market.

For the present the questions of railway finance, which, until within the last week, were of paramount interest in the City, have fallen into abeyance. Unless some fresh disaster should occur, and of that there is happily no immediate probability, matters will most likely remain in *statu quo* until the close of the year. One important provision in the new Railways Act will then be tested, viz.: the grant of additional powers to the auditors. Hitherto railway audit has been simply valueless. It neither prevented fraud as in the Redpath case, nor improper charges to capital instead of to revenue, as in the Brighton. One reason is to be found in the superficial way in which this duty has been performed, and another in the power that the directors possessed of checking or interfering with the auditors at every step. The former defect, it may be hoped, has been corrected by the pressure of public opinion, and the latter by actual legislative enactment.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

## THE SUPREMACY OF THE CROWN.\*

THE contributions of clergymen to the discussion of legal questions are seldom of any considerable value. They are frequently marked by industry, research, and acuteness; but, on the other hand, they are nearly always characterized by a polemical bias which materially vitiates the soundness of the conclusions arrived at. It is too much the habit of their authors to frame their conclusions first, and then seek for arguments to support them—a course of procedure which is extremely unfavourable to the broad and impartial treatment of any subject. The clerical mind is, moreover, as a rule, essentially one-sided. It readily appreciates anything that tells in favour of the proposition which is, for the moment, deemed orthodox; it is by no means so sensitive to the force of the arguments which may be urged on the side of heterodoxy. A lawyer who knows that he must make good his arguments before a bench of judges, in the face of a watchful and skilful opponent, considers that opponent's case as carefully as his own; and is even less solicitous about setting forth his own strong points than about the grappling with, and, if possible, demolishing the case which he has to meet. His training being one of perpetual debate and discussion he never loses sight of a possible antagonist. On the other hand, the clergyman, being accustomed to lay down the law from a pulpit, is apt to forget that outside his church his dicta are liable to question; and he is too prone to pursue his own line of argument, without reference to what may be said on the other side. Able and temperate as is the treatise before us (which was originally read as an archidiaconal charge), it is not exempt from this fault. Mr. Hale states his own views clearly and forcibly; but when he has done that, he seems to think that he has done enough. He takes little or no notice of his adversaries' case; and although two well-known decisions of the Privy Council conflict with the main positions which it is his object to establish, he is content to rely upon arguments of the most general and inconclusive character as a sufficient answer to propositions which have received the sanction of authorities so eminent as Lords Kingsdown and Westbury. The result is that, although his reasoning may appear plausible enough to those who are not aware of what has been held to be law in the case of *Long v. the Bishop of Capetown* and in the *Colenso* case, it can have no weight at all with those who are familiar with the judgments therein pronounced by the court which is our highest appellate tribunal both in ecclesiastical and in colonial causes.

We have little or no fault to find with Mr. Hale's summary of the history of the Royal supremacy in England, or with his statement of what it really amounts to. At the same time we may remark in passing that we by no means share his apparent anxiety to disconnect its recognition with the influence of the Reformation. We are quite content to accept the Church of England, by law established, as an essentially Protestant institution; and we must confess that it seems to us of very little importance whether the power of the Crown over the Church can or cannot be referred to a Parliament in the reign of Henry VIII., the members of which, though denying the authority of the Pope, had not rejected a single doctrine or practice of the Church of Rome. Although the imperious Tudor did wring from such a Parliament, and from the Convocation under Archbishop Wareham, the title of Supreme Head "with all the honours, dignities, pre-eminences, &c., belonging and appertaining thereto," and also authority "for the repression of error and the correction of abuses," it is perfectly clear that the position which he thus assumed was one that he could not have long maintained without a rupture with the court of Rome. To a certain party in the Church who shrink with horror from the idea of Protestantism, it may afford some satisfaction to believe that the supremacy of the Crown is not absolutely irreconcilable with their dreams of a reunion between the two branches of the Western Church, of which his holiness the Pope and the Archbishop of Canterbury are respectively at the head, but to Englishmen in general, who neither wish for such a reunion nor believe in its possibility, it must be a matter of perfect indifference whether the Parliament of Elizabeth were or were not anticipated in their declaration of the Royal jurisdiction over the Church by a previous Parliament which sat before the connection between this country and the see of Rome had been formally severed.

Accepting Mr. Hale's definition of the supremacy of the Crown—that it is the power of the Sovereign as head of the ecclesiastical estate to enforce, through the regular courts, their observance of the ecclesiastical law of the country—we now come to the more important part of this treatise. There is no doubt as to the extent of the Royal jurisdiction over the Church so far as England itself is concerned; but it is, as we all know, in the opinion of many persons, a question of considerable difficulty how far that jurisdiction extends to colonies which are in the enjoyment of constitutional government. Mr. Hale argues that, according to the theory of our constitution, provision is made for the temporal and spiritual wants of society, for justice and for religion; that although by the statute law the professing a belief in the truth of

the Christian religion is no longer required as a qualification for admission to offices in the State, the common law remains unaltered, which declares Christianity to be part of the laws of England; that with the common law, Christianity is extended to the colonies, and the colonists are governed upon Christian principles; that although the laity in such colonies may be at liberty to choose their own religion, not so the clergy, "for as absence from the mother country releases no one from his allegiance to the Crown, nor deprives the Crown of its authority in all temporal causes over its subjects, so neither can the absence of a clergyman from the mother country, or his residence in a colony, release him from obedience to the Sovereign or supreme governor of the Church;" that this is plain from the tenor of the statute 1 Eliz., c. 1, sec. 16, which excludes all foreign jurisdiction from the future possessions of the Crown; that the ecclesiastical jurisdiction thus annexed to the Crown for ever in any part of the empire must be exercised through the courts of the bishop or the archdeacon; that the Church of England is entitled to her full organization wherever she exists, and that an essential part of that organization is the presence of a bishop having jurisdiction over his clergy through regular courts.

It will at once be seen that these arguments are of a very vague description, and that they do not deal at all with the all-important point of the right of the Crown to create any new diocese, or to place at its head a bishop having territorial jurisdiction in a colony to which a constitution has been granted. It is true that Mr. Hale says that "it does not follow from the fact that because English and Irish dioceses cannot be altered without the authority of Parliament, that therefore the Crown cannot without such authority form and govern the ecclesiastical estate in new countries." But in *Long v. the Bishop of Capetown* the Privy Council held that this does follow very directly. They say in their judgment:—"After a colony or settlement has received legislative institutions, the Crown, subject to the special provisions of any Act of Parliament, stands in the same relation to that colony or settlement as it does to the United Kingdom. It is true that the Crown, as legal head of the Church, has a right to command the consecration of a bishop, but it has no power to assign him any diocese or give him any sphere of action within the United Kingdom," and they go on to say that in like manner the letters patent of the Crown will not have any such effect or operation on a colony or settlement which is possessed of an independent Legislature.

Then, with regard to the notion that although the Crown cannot establish the Church of England in a colony, it can, nevertheless, exercise a sort of personal jurisdiction over the clergy. Through the bishops and their ecclesiastical courts, we find it laid down, in the *Bishop of Natal's* case, that "it is a settled constitutional principle or rule of law, that although the Crown may, by its prerogative, establish courts to proceed according to the common law, yet that it cannot create any new court to administer any other law, and it is said by Lord Coke in his fourth Institute, that the creation of a new court with a new jurisdiction cannot be without an Act of Parliament," or, in a colony, an Act of the colonial Legislature. The idea that the members of the Church of England carry with them to any colony the right to what is called "complete organization" finds equally little favour with our most eminent lawyers, for it was held in the case to which we have last referred, that "it cannot be said that any ecclesiastical tribunal or jurisdiction is required in any colony or settlement where there is no established church; and in the case of a settled colony, the ecclesiastical law of England cannot for the same reason be treated as part of the law which the settlers carried with them from the mother country." If the Crown can neither erect a diocese over which a bishop has territorial jurisdiction, nor can create courts to administer the ecclesiastical law, in any constitutionally governed colony, without the sanction of the local Legislature, it is clear that in such dependencies the supremacy of the Crown over the clergy no longer exists for any practical purposes. To use the words of Lord Westbury in his well-known judgment:—"The Church of England, in places where there is no church established by law, is in the same situation as any other religious body—in no better but in no worse position—and the members may adopt, as the members of any other communion may adopt, rules for enforcing discipline within their own body, which will be binding upon those who expressly, or by implication, have assented to them." Members of the Church of England in a colony may even, like Methodists or any other Dissenters, set up tribunals for the settlement of disputes amongst their members, or for enforcing discipline; but "in such cases the tribunals so constituted are not in any sense courts,—they derive no authority from the Crown,—they have no power of their own to enforce their own sentences,—they must apply for that purpose to the courts established by law, and such courts will give effect to their decision as they give effect to the decision of arbitrators, whose jurisdiction rests entirely upon the agreement of the parties." Decisions so weighty and so explicit as those which we have cited cannot be disposed of by arguments drawn from some supposed rights or privileges of the Church of England, or some fancied necessary connection between that body and the Sovereign. In spite of the well-meant efforts of clergymen like Archdeacon Hale to rescue some rags of the Royal supremacy for the benefit of the clergy and laity, the fact remains that in our distant dependencies the Church is a mere voluntary association, without either the advantages or the disabilities of association with the State or of submission to the headship of the Sovereign.

\* An Inquiry into the Legal History of the Supremacy of the Crown in Matters of Religion; with Especial Reference to the Church in the Colonies. By W. H. Hale, M.A., Archdeacon of London. London: Butterworths.

## LOUIS BLANC ON ENGLAND.\*

THE second series of M. Louis Blanc's letters is quite as interesting as the first. Although written for French readers, they may be perused with equal profit and pleasure by Englishmen. It is well for us to see ourselves as we appear to an observant and thoughtful foreigner. And it will be readily admitted that very few foreigners are so well fitted as the author of these letters to do justice both to our merits and defects. By long residence in the country and by an evidently careful study of our social and political systems, and of our manners, and customs, M. Louis Blanc has acquired an extensive knowledge of England and the English. But neither long residence nor careful study would enable him to understand us as he does, had he not in a very high degree those powers of insight and sympathy, without which no one can penetrate below the surface of national life. Contributed as they were to a Paris journal, at intervals of a few days, there is much in these letters of merely ephemeral interest; and they have necessarily, to some extent, a desultory character. But what we lose in one way we gain in another. We have the impression of the writer in all the freshness and sharpness; and we have, upon the whole, a more vivid idea of the aspect which our current life presents to an attentive foreign observer than we can gather from the careful and elaborate studies of other writers. Although M. Louis Blanc devotes his attention chiefly to politics, he is not absorbed by them. He takes more or less interest in all the topics of the day; and while he discusses grave questions with remarkable ability, he can sketch with a graphic and lively pen a prize-fight, the trial of an action for breach of promise of marriage, or the rejoicings over the entry of the Princess Alexandra into London and her marriage with the Prince of Wales. Whatever may be his subject, there is the same consummate literary skill in its treatment; the same neatness, point, and finish of style; the same definiteness of meaning, and the same clearness in conveying it. Although he does not go in for epigrams, there is about his observations a certain flavour of epigram, and frequently a quaint humour, which gives them a pungency all the more agreeable and telling from being natural and unpremeditated. He is a kindly, and, upon the whole, a favourable critic; but he is by no means blind to our faults. He has his own "stand point," and from it he judges us with great impartiality. Although an exile he is still a Frenchman, and while he would be one of the first to proclaim that at present they by no means "manage matters better in France," it is not difficult to see that he has a patriotic faith in the capabilities and the character of his own countrymen. As a firm and resolute opponent of the Napoleonic régime, it might have been expected that his letters would reflect that hostility in a very marked manner; and that while his ostensible subject was England, this would be treated with a constant eye to covert attacks upon the government of France. We find, however, but slight traces of anything of this kind. Occasional contrasts between the state of things in the two countries must occasionally present themselves, and when they do, M. Louis Blanc does not shirk them; but he never goes out of his way to find them, or to make them the vehicle of petty and undignified sarcasms. The tone of unassuming and unaffected dignity which pervades these letters, and the absence from them of anything like querulousness or personal bitterness, are characteristics not less remarkable than honourable to their author.

It would, of course, be impossible for us to notice a tithe of the topics which M. Louis Blanc discusses at greater or less length. As we have already said, he touches upon almost every topic of the day; and on nearly all his remarks will be read with interest. We, however, can only glance at a few points selected almost at hazard from his pages. We cannot follow him, for instance, through the numerous letters in which he discusses our policy in reference to Poland, or the American civil war; or our conduct in rejecting the Emperor Napoleon's scheme of a European congress. It must suffice to say that, while he strongly denounces our timidity in refusing to strike a blow for the independence of Poland, he does not fail to do justice to the reasons which rendered us averse to a war in which we should have been dependent on the alliance of the Emperor Napoleon; and that while he comments strongly on the partiality exhibited by our governing and commercial classes for the slave-holding confederacy of the South, he does not omit to recognise the cause which contributed to the unpopularity of the Northern States. With regard to the question of the congress, he frankly takes our side. His remarks on this point have, indeed, a much wider application than their immediate subject. The following passage contains so just an appreciation of our feelings and our policy towards France under existing circumstances, that it will be read with interest at the present time:—

"The notion of offending France, to begin with, were it never so safe to offend her, is a notion to which all parties here are equally strange. England desires, I was going to say yearns, to keep on living on friendly terms with ourselves; and if she is somewhat over-fearful, it is about whatever might tend to disturb that good understanding. So true is this that, on the first tidings of the decision taken by the Ministry, there were displayed in the most opposite camps apprehensions that bore sufficient witness to the price at which our alliance is rated here. How would that decision be regarded on the other side of the Channel? Would it not be interpreted in the sense of a breach made in our friendship? Would it not lead to a loosening of the bond that unites, and ought to unite, the two nations? Those Frenchmen who have stored up and cultivated the bitter heritage

of historical prejudices and military hatreds, would they not raise the usual outcry against 'perfidious Albion'? Yes, such were the apprehensions that made themselves known from the first; and to see in them nothing but a result of the fear inspired in England by our greatness, would be on the one hand strangely to misconceive that of England, and to yield on the other to a feeling of boastfulness unworthy of a great nation; those nations being truly great who respect themselves in their rivals, and even in their enemies.

"The truth is—I have told it very often, but cannot grow tired of repeating it—that with her deep and earnest desire to sail in company with France, England cannot help mingling a feeling of distrust. Whether that feeling be well or ill grounded, it does anyhow exist.

"In France, Englishmen are on the watch for a machine to indicate beforehand the direction of the wind; and as they can discover nothing of the sort,—in other words, as public opinion in France cannot, in answer to their questioning, teach them what itself for the most part fails to know, or is forbidden to tell when it does know,—they keep on their guard, and naturally feel amazed at the offence taken on account of a reserve which, in their opinion, is but a needful act of prudence.

"In what specially concerns the question of a congress, England—to look at it from another point of view than ours—had a reason perhaps still more conclusive than those imparted to you in my former letters; and that reason is derived from the very genius of the English people. . . . To her thinking, indeed, pure philosophy, especially when it borders on sentimentality, is not within the province of statesmen. To her thinking politics are made up of facts, not principles. In her eyes, the wisdom that does for nations, no less than the wisdom that does for individuals, will take life as it is and as it comes; will not let men aspire to foresee and regulate everything; would have them look out for accidents, which they should be free to battle against if unfavourable, or in the contrary event to turn to their advantage.

The influence of public opinion in England excites in the main the warm admiration of M. Louis Blanc; but he does not fail to see that its supremacy is attended with some counterbalancing disadvantages. Its inevitable results, he thinks, is to pass under the dull guise of uniformity, not only ideas, but tastes, usages, and habits:—

"This tendency of Englishmen to conform to the prevalent opinion, alike in their behaviour and their talk, offers, along with some advantages, some very serious inconveniences. The undue pressure of public opinion hinders the free play of original characters; it smothers impulsive intellects; it forces those whose active wit is unsustained by strength and boldness of character to bury within themselves the truth as they understand it, to dissemble their thoughts, to play tricks continually with their consciences; it takes from all the profit they would derive from the free utterance of what each has in his head or his heart; it punishes as a crime the most useful, the most desirable of all forms of courage—that of the mind; it keeps society in a state of intellectual stagnation too often confounded with a state of calm; it produces, in short, now under the seductive name of decorum, now under the imposing name of respectability a kind of existence which, if not quite the same as hypocrisy, is not unlike it."

Although they are perhaps slightly overcharged, it cannot be said that these remarks are destitute of considerable truth; and we fear that it must be admitted that the present tendency of society is very strongly in the direction they indicate.

Amongst other questions discussed by our author is that of the Irish Protestant Church. We need hardly say that this institution finds no more favour in his eyes than it does in those of any impartial foreign observer. And although we do not of course mean to say that the fact that such observers decisively condemn any one of our institutions conclusively proves that it is a bad one, still it is a strong corroboration of the views of those who either in England or in Ireland hold that opinion. In the opinion of M. Louis Blanc this alien Church is not only a wrong to Ireland, but a source of weakness to England, and the greatest possible obstacle to the spread of Protestantism in that country. Another subject which is discussed with great care in a series of very able letters, is the land system of England. As might have been expected the author is adverse to our law of primogeniture and entail, and strongly condemns the practical monopoly of land enjoyed by a small class. But, on the other hand, he does not seek to veil or palliate the disadvantages of a system of small holdings, where, "as in France, it is not corrected by the principle of association scientifically applied." These letters are not only interesting and valuable as a contribution to the literature of an important subject, but they exhibit in a very favourable manner the fairness and moderation of the author's views. Anonymous journalism is one of the points on which M. Louis Blanc appears to entertain very strong opinions; and although we cannot agree with him in thinking that it would, in the long run, be beneficial either for the press or for individual writers, that all articles should be signed by the author, his remarks on some abuses of our present system are by no means undeserving of attention.

Amongst the most interesting of these letters are several devoted to sketches of eminent living or deceased statesmen. M. Louis Blanc is a master of the art of delineating a character in a few firm, distinct, and discriminating strokes. The most elaborate and the most sympathetic of the portraits is undoubtedly that of Thackeray, to whom he devotes a couple of papers full of deliberate, subtle, and, in the main, just criticisms. We must make room for the following charming anecdote:—

"Some few years ago the London papers announced that a French gentleman, whose name it is unnecessary to mention, was going to deliver a lecture in the English language in the district of St. John's Wood. Among those who, actuated by a feeling of delicate kindness

\* Letters on England. By Louis Blanc. Second Series. Translated by James Hutton and L. J. Trotter. Two vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

and hospitable curiosity, resolved to encourage him by their presence, Thackeray was one of the foremost. On the conclusion of the lecture the manager of the local literary institution thought proper, for some reason or other, to recommend the audience to take care of their pockets as they went out, there being a considerable crowd at the doors. This warning, addressed to an audience composed of most respectable persons, some even highly distinguished, produced a very bad effect.

"Some voices were raised as a protest, but no one spoke out with a more lively eloquence than an extremely well-dressed stranger, who was seated by the side of Mr. Robert Bell. Not content with speaking, the stranger gesticulated, and with strange animation, 'Is not such advice, Sir,' said he to Mr. Bell, 'misplaced and insulting? For what do they take us?' and so on. After thus giving vent to his indignation the susceptible stranger disappeared; and when Mr. Robert Bell, wishing to know how long the lecture had lasted, was going to consult his watch, he found that it had been stolen. Thackeray, when informed a few minutes afterwards by his worthy friend Robert Bell of this unpleasant misadventure, asked him to dine with him on a certain day that was named. When the day came, Mr. Robert Bell took his place at a table enlivened by the presence of several men of parts, and was not long before he had to sustain a merry attack on the subject of a much noticed and very remarkable article from his pen, which had appeared in the *Cornhill Magazine*, at that time conducted by Mr. Thackeray—an article containing a faithful, serious, and philosophical statement of the spiritualistic incidents which the author had witnessed at a *séance* given by Mr. Home. Mr. Robert Bell is an admirable conversationalist, full of sound British sense combined with Irish vivacity. His catechists, therefore, met with their match, and every one surpassed himself. On the morrow a mysterious messenger waited upon Mr. Robert Bell and delivered into his hands, without being able to say who sent it, a box, in which was a note somewhat to the following purpose:—'The spirits present their compliments to Mr. Robert Bell, and as token of their gratitude have the honour to restore the watch which was stolen from him.' It was, in fact, a watch that the box contained, but one far more valuable than that which had disappeared.

"Mr. Robert Bell at once thought of Thackeray and wrote to him, without entering into explanations: 'I don't know if it was you—but it is very like you.' Thackeray replied by sending him his portrait, sketched by himself as a caricature, under the form of a winged spirit, with flowing robes, and spectacles on nose. Thackeray had in the first instance applied himself to painting, and had he followed his first vocation would perhaps have succeeded in handling the pencil as well as he has done the pen. In any case the sketch in question, which I have seen with my own eyes, made one laugh till the tears came. It was accompanied by a note couched in these words:—'The spirit Gabriel presents his compliments to Mr. Robert Bell, and takes the liberty to send him the portrait of the person who stood the watch.'"

Sir Cornwall Lewis is the subject of another portrait equally life-like, and not less discriminating. The fine temper, the clearness of mind, the strong love of truth, the cautious but inflexible convictions, the astonishing industry and the vast learning of the deceased statesman are done full justice to; and the truth of the following observations will perhaps be even more readily recognised now than at the time they were written:—

"His qualities were the necessary complement of those with which each of his colleagues was endowed. He alone brought out the full value of their worth. He tempered the vivacity of Lord Palmerston. His prudence corrected the too impulsive readiness of Mr. Gladstone to lend his eloquent voice to the fleeting enthusiasms of public opinion; while the sort of calm impartiality which he had acquired from a profound study of history, allowed him to throw light upon the obscurity of the course into which, but for him, the more sincere than well-considered policy of Earl Russell would have heedlessly rushed. In losing him each of his colleagues loses, so to speak, a part of himself; and from this point of view his death leaves in the Cabinet a void which it will be probably impossible to fill."

There is also a sketch of Lord Lyndhurst, on which we would willingly linger if we had not already exceeded our space. We have, however, said enough to recommend these letters to the attention of all who may not be already acquainted with M. Louis Blanc's merits as a writer. To those who are, no recommendation of ours is necessary. It only remains for us to add that the work of translation has been thoroughly well performed by the gentlemen who have undertaken it.

#### NEW NOVELS.\*

"THE HUNCHBACK'S CHARGE" is a novel to which there is a great deal of life and spirit imparted by the freshness and enthusiasm of the author. The plot is interesting, and although the climax of the story is somewhat melodramatic, there is a sustained power of picturesque writing and expression to the close, which will make a reader, if not a critic, forget the slight crudities of colouring to which Mr. Russell resorts in order to make an effective scene at the finish. Mr. Russell has avoided the faults of the milksop school, and he can yet weave sufficient romance round the incidents of his agreeable story to render it attractive, from an emotional as well as from a picturesque point of view. In the details of his art—in descriptions of scenery, for instance—Mr.

Russell is exceptionally distinct, accurate, and forcible. His imagination is neither blurred nor irregular, and he sketches off places and situations from fancy with the truth of photography and the neatness and illustrative facility of a skilled painter. This is a genuine faculty, and an unusual one amongst the craft of novel-writers of the present day. The character of the hunchback is well drawn, but that of More, the misanthropic tutor, is admirable. Several of the scenes are distinguished for an unforced and natural pathos. "The Hunchback's Charge" is a book which the reader will seldom find to halt or limp. It runs, almost rushes along, at a rate which is quite refreshing after the flaccid monotony of novels which, somehow or other, publishers will bring forward. The following is a fair specimen of Mr. Russell's sprightly and vivid manner of description:—

"Since the year 1740, whose December season was emphatically called 'the hard winter,' from the intense frost that lasted nearly nine weeks; when coaches were driven upon the Thames, and games and festivities of all kinds held upon the ice; when food was raised to a price that drove the poor in bands about the streets, clamouring for relief and threatening violence unless provided with bread; since that memorable period, never had a more severe season been experienced than that which was ushered in on the 29th of November, 1805. It is true that just ten years previous to this there had been a frost that had lasted from December the 24th, 1794, to February the 14th, 1795. But though enduring for a term of but three weeks and five days, the frost of 1805 made old age shake its head, and tremulously protest that—the above-mentioned 'hard winter' excepted—it never remembered so terrible a season.

"Throughout England every river was frozen—every road petrified to the rigidity of iron—every hedge bristling with bayonets of ice—every blade of grass stubborn as stubble—every fallen leaf crisp as thin biscuit.

"Each protruded nose grew frost-bitten—each exposed ear was bereft of life—each venturesome hand severely pinched and chapped.

"Men's heads were lost in shawls and comforters. Rheumy eyes gleamed at you over a fortification of wrappers. It seemed as if animated bundles of clothes, not human beings, walked the land. The blood in old men's veins grew frozen; and the hearths of England were filled with Age toasting itself. Youth flapped its breast with clenched fist to assist circulation. The very fires paled and grew faint in the frown of the icy monarch. The virtue of coal seemed destroyed. No bellows could animate it to the required heat. It blazed and it glowed; but its blaze was without cheerfulness, and its glow without comfort.

"The north-east blast had it all its own way. It was a tyrant at whose presence animate nature fled—inanimate nature shrunk and shivered."

We can commend this novel as a well-constructed, well-written, and ingenious story. If the writer only lessens the pace in his next book, he will write better than "The Hunchback's Charge;" as it is, he has succeeded in producing a clever and an entertaining work.

"Polly" is essentially a village portrait. Throughout the two volumes we seldom get beyond rustic scenes and personages. The author pays just a flying visit to a garrison town where some amateur theatricals are going on, looks in at a military mess-room, and occasionally peeps into the palace of a bishop; but with these exceptions, the incidents of the novel are all transacted in a little country village, the changes of scene not extending beyond the vicarage, the mansion-house of the squire, and the village inn. Polly Churchill, the heroine, is one of those charming characters far less frequently met with in the fiction of modern days than we could wish, but bearing an infinitely closer resemblance to ordinary human nature than the ladies for whose exploits the sensational novel of conventional dimensions offers barely sufficient space. Polly is not remarkable for strong determination of character. She knows nothing of the properties of poisons, has not committed bigamy, and has no leaning towards murder in even its most romantic forms. She is merely a simple, true-hearted little girl, the daughter of a country parson; she looks after a crowd of little brothers and sisters, and is a devoted believer in one of the most worthless parents that ever existed. Mr. Churchill is a sour-tempered and weak-minded man, who has wasted his whole life in pestering every one with any control over Church preferment to whom the importunate clergyman could obtain the slightest introduction. Cumberley, like many other secluded spots, having taken the fancy of a contractor, now finds itself suffering from an invasion of railway navvies under the direction of a young engineer, Mr. Harry Burgess, the son of the senior partner of the firm of railway contractors, Messrs. Burgess & Younghusband. Harry falls in love with Polly, and having received a call from Mr. Churchill, is soon upon visiting terms at the vicarage, and in a little time the accepted lover of Polly. Mr. Churchill looks on rather approvingly, not from any desire to see his daughter well married, but in the hope that Messrs. Burgess & Younghusband, in the course of their extensive transactions, might have acquired some clerical influence which may be of service to him. He looks forward to the expected visit of the elder Mr. Burgess, and forms the highest pictures of the results of his intimacy with that gentleman. The day dream is as like its realization as most day dreams are. This is the conversation which, in Mr. Churchill's imagination, takes place between the bishop and the contractor:—

"'Mr. Burgess, if you wait for six months, and could put up the new conservatory in the mean time. I am really so much pressed with the decorators. Mrs. Brindley has led me into a world of expense.'

\* The Hunchback's Charge. A Romance. By W. Clark Russell. Three vols. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Marston.

Polly, a Village Portrait. Two vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

The Diamond Rose. A Tale of Love and Duty. By Sarah Tytler, Author of "Citoyenne Jacqueline," &c. London: Alexander Strahan.

"Well, my lord," replies Burgess, in his usual blunt way, "I tell you what I'll do. There's a son o' mine attached to a young girl, daughter of an excellent and clever clergyman—a man of the world, my lord, and a gentleman. I tell you what; give him the next parish, and you shall have time for the palace and the greenhouse in for nothing."

The bishop was staggered (or he seemed to be to the clergyman's prophetic vision). Brindley was notoriously greedy of money. He had been known to 'ride' in an omnibus to save a cab-hire. Every one knew that.

"Upon my word," said the bishop, smiling (Mr. Churchill saw him smiling), "a very sporting offer."

"Is it a bargain, my lord?" said the contractor. "Say done, and give Churchill the berth. I am a plain man, my lord. You'll be doing no harm, for he is an accomplished, clever fellow, and, by rights, should be in London."

"I declare," the bishop said, dreamily, "I don't see why not. There's old Nixon fumbling on at his duties—a scandal really to the diocese. I don't see why."

And this is the manner in which the contractor actually views the clergyman's proposals.

"Now it follows, as a matter of course, that, as you go here and there and everywhere, you meet all sorts of people of high and low—lords and squires and priests and—er—bishops. Am I right?"

"O, ye may say that, and noice kettle they are."

"Who, Mr. Burgess?"

"The beeshoop's nice holy lot."

"Now, what I say is this," went on the clergyman, confidentially, "You meet all these squires with territorial influences, these bishops—"

"O, too many o' 'em by half."

"You, of course, have influence with them; your contracts give you that, of course. And now, Mr. Burgess, I shall put no obstacle in the way of these young people, if you, on the first opportunity, apply for an adequate support for me from some of your friends."

"What!" said the contractor, pushing back his chair; "D'ye mean ask them for anything?"

"Why, yes," said the clergyman, "that would be about the best way; and if you could—"

"Then, I'll tell ye whout, Mither Parson, I'd jest as soon hang myself. D'ye know what the principles of my loife have been? Never to ask anythin' o' any man; and I never will, if I were to go without my dinner a week. I never beg—never ha' begged, and never will beg so long as I ha' breath. That's the way I made myself what I am, and that's the way I'll keep myself what I am. I've a contempt, so I have, for the fellow that begs; and I tell 'ee, Mr. Parson, I don't think too much o' the man that purposes such a thing to me, Jack Burgess, that made himself by his own independence, and wants to keep independent. As for your girl and my boy, let 'em do as they like. If he's a fool, he'll marry her now—on his ninety pun' a year with a rise. If he's more sense, he'll wait ten year, when he'll have the rise. So that's my answer to your proposals, Mither Parson."

After this rebuff, Mr. Churchill, to whom humiliation is an every-day occurrence, drags Polly off to a charitable meeting, at which Dr. Talboys, the bishop of the neighbouring diocese, is to preside, and where he hopes to bring himself under the prelate's notice. The clergyman endeavours to make his way up to the platform, which had been reserved for five guinea subscribers, and the stewards are about to force him and Polly back into the body of the hall, when the distress of Polly attracts the attention of Major Grindley, a person in authority at the meeting, who leads both of them to the coveted seats. Mr. Churchill, having learnt that Major Grindley is a nephew of Dr. Talboys, cultivates the acquaintance of that gentleman with the greatest assiduity, notwithstanding numerous repulses. In the mean time the firm of Burgess & Younghusband having suspended payment, Harry Burgess is obliged to leave Cumberley, and is told by Mr. Churchill, who now sees no chance of Church preferment from that quarter, that the engagement between Polly and himself must be broken off. Polly who believes her father to be all perfection, submits to his decision, and when he conveys to her a proposal from Major Grindley for her hand is equally obedient to parental control, and writes to the Major acquainting him how matters stand between Harry and herself, but accepting his offer. Mr. Churchill gets the desired introduction to the bishop, but destroys any chance that opens itself to him by the ridiculous flattery with which he will besmear his spiritual superior, and his mistaken eulogiums upon certain early effusions of the bishop, of which he, however, had in his later years become ashamed, and had endeavoured to suppress. Upon poor Polly Mr. Churchill lays the blame of every repulse, and she, with the usual faith in his affection, quietly submits to all his unkindness, until she happens to overhear a summer-house conversation, which opens her eyes to the real worthlessness of his character. The visit ends in securing to Polly the happiness she deserves, and leaving her father scheming as of old, and partly supported by the bounty of his daughter and her husband. Apart from the plot which we have sketched, there is much in "Polly" which marks it as a first attempt. The characters, although they stand out with tolerable distinctness, are for the most part roughly drawn, and are deficient in that sharp delineation which marks the productions of an experienced writer. It is impossible not to look upon Mr. Churchill, whose whole time is occupied in earning for himself rebuffs all equally humiliating and all so alike, that the history of one day is a mere repetition of the preceding one, without admitting that the character is greatly exaggerated. Polly's blindness to her father's imperfections is also not a little incon-

sistent with the shrewd common sense which distinguishes her in everything else. Dr. Henley, the neighbouring vicar, who is such an object of animosity to Churchill, is not a bad picture of a prosperous and vain Churchman, but the admiration which he is continually made to express for his own children, and to which other people are described as listening in a thoroughly interested manner, is not likely to be met with even in country parishes. Setting aside, however, these blemishes, which a little experience is sure to cure, we must congratulate the author of "Polly" upon having produced a most agreeably-written and interesting novel.

Euphame Napier, the heroine of the "Diamond Rose," strikingly contrasts with Polly. She is perfection, according to the Scotch Puritan notion of what perfection should be, and is trained to such a point of propriety that she is in danger of having every spark of good-nature frozen out of her. We cannot help admiring the perfect truth and sterling qualities of Euphame, yet she fails to secure the same hold of our affections as Polly or even Euphame's own companion, the flighty, vain, and story-telling Katie Crichton. We pity both the girls when we see the strict discipline in which their miserable little lives are passed in the hospital devoted to Lady Somerville's maidens, but somehow, in spite of our better judgment, we sympathize most with Katie. When she excuses herself to her friend for some white lie told the authorities, and says, "I wouldna tell a lee myself, at least; I never telled a lee till I came to be so curbed and questioned here, and I tell the littlest that I can find to serve my purpose." . . . "I can say the commandments weel enouch, Euphame, though may be 'the reasons annexed' and 'what is forbidden' beat me,"—we are inclined to look on the little girl as not so much worse than the ordinary school-girl after all. On leaving the hospital Euphame becomes waiting-woman to the wife of a country laird, and Katie acquires a similar position in the household of a nobleman. Euphame repels almost every member of the family by her apparent coldness, and is really disliked, until she on one occasion displays the good qualities within her, by endangering her life in the rescue of one of the children from a pool of water into which the little fellow had fallen. Master George Ormeslow, the eldest son of the laird, finding the time during which he was home from London heavy on his hands, makes love to Euphame for amusement, and is repulsed in a freezingly proper manner. Katie follows a totally different course. With the hospital she has thrown off almost every recollection of its restraints. She lords it over her friend. "Do you no ken. Have you no heard that I am one of the gentlewomen to my Lady Wintoun, a baron's lady, Euphame, and you only serve a laird's wife; but it's no fault of yours, Euphame." The attentions of Master Ludovic Wintoun receive from Katie very different treatment to that to which Master George had to submit at the hands of Euphame. "I'm fond of gallant Master Ludovic, and he's fond enough of me, and only the world stands between us, and who but you would say I did wrong to gar him speak out and wed a loving bride, and he'll make me a lady, Euphame. I'll no say but I'll be Lady Wintoun yet, and you'll stand out of my gate, and my mother will be a proud woman when little Katie will bring her honour and not scorn." Circumstances favour Katie. In the rising which preceded Sheriffmuir, the Wintoun family took part with the Pretender, and Ludovic was compelled to seek shelter for some time in the house of Katie's brother, Mark Crichton, a staunch Hanoverian. There Katie and he were privately married, and both escaped to France, leaving Mark Crichton open to all the consequences attending the harbouring of rebels. Mark, between whom and Euphame a strong affection had previously existed, is tried for his life, but through the sacrifices and exertions of Euphame, he is defended by one of the ablest advocates at the bar, and escapes with a fine, from which he is afterwards relieved. Euphame lives to secure all the happiness which waits upon good people, and Katie to experience all the misery which ill-assorted unions bring. The novel, which originally appeared in *Good Words*, is most thoughtfully written, and abounds in truthful sketches of Scotch domestic life during the last century.

#### ODDS AND ENDS.\*

THE article on the Cattle Plague, with which this collection opens, was published some time since by Professor Playfair in the *North British Review*. It is of the regulation essay order, commencing with the grievous murrain which smote the cattle of Egypt and ending with the rinderpest which smote the cattle of Great Britain. We learn that in the year 376 the cattle plague was all over Europe, and no animals escaped except such as were marked on the forehead with the sign of the Cross.

"In the sixth century the existing plague seems to have been well known, for Gregorius of Tours gives a full description of its symptoms. The ninth century was particularly afflicted with it, Charlemagne having sown its seeds broadcast during the movements of his army, as Fracastorius and Weierus have fully recorded. We would leap over the history of these ancient plagues altogether, were it not that we find incidental notices of some of them even in this country.

"The fourteenth century was especially remarkable in England for the frequent occurrence of human plagues. Fifteen times at least, during that century, did Black Death and its kindred plagues ravage Europe, sometimes preceded, sometimes followed, by grievous murrains among cattle. In the two years 1348—1349 a plague of great intensity attacked the horned cattle in England. They died by thousands,

\* Odds and Ends. Edinburgh: Edmonston & Douglas.

and the herdsmen, panic-stricken, fled from their herds, which roamed wildly about the country, carrying the plague into every district. Many attempts were made to confine the diseased cattle, but with little effect, owing to the belief that they could communicate the plague to man. The harvest in these years was luckily plentiful, but, notwithstanding the abundance of grain, the dearth of cattle was severely felt, and the horrors of famine were added to those of the plagues among men and beasts. About a century later the murrain among cattle was prevalent throughout Europe, and once more fell upon this country. It was again accompanied by a plague among men. But on this occasion the human plague, or 'sweating sickness,' chiefly attacked the middle and upper classes of society, who were thus punished for their gluttony and riotous living; and its accompanying murrain among cattle does not appear to have caused such panic in the poorer classes as on the occasion of its previous visit, when their spirits were weighed down by repeated assaults of Black Death. The years 1348 and 1480 produced no chroniclers of these murrains, so that we are unable either to identify or to differentiate between them and the cattle plague of our own time. The preventive measures used by the Governments of both periods are however identical. The separation of diseased from sound stock, so long since recommended by Vegetius, was then adopted as now; and the free use of the pole-axe to slaughter suspected animals was encouraged then, as it has been in the Order of Council during the present year.

"Till 1714, the last year of the reign of Queen Anne, our country was not again visited by any extensive murrain among cattle. This plague, like its successors in 1745, 1768, and 1865, first appeared in the neighbourhood of London, and swept off many cattle. But the pole-axe was used unsparingly; the slaughtered cattle were either burned or buried twenty feet deep under the earth; and the plague was soon stamped out, without extending its ravages much beyond the home counties. Thirty years later the plague once more invaded the country and held it with a firm grip for twelve years; but before recounting the evil that it did then, and the experience which it has left for our guidance now, it is necessary to allude to its general prevalence in Europe during the eighteenth century, for it is from this period that our scientific knowledge of the murrain begins to be developed.

"The wars which prevailed during the eighteenth century diffused the plague all through Europe, as a common consequence of the parks of cattle which were formed in the rear of the armies. The years 1711 to 1714 were especially remarkable for the mortality caused by the plague in Western Europe, no less than one million five hundred thousand cattle having perished by the murrain during these years. This plague originated in the Russian Steppes in 1709, passing through Podolia, Bessarabia, and Croatia into Dalmatia. On the 17th August, 1711, Count Trajan Borromeo, a canon of Padua, saw a stray and wayworn ox upon his estate, and, instigated by humane motives, gave it shelter in a cowshed. This ox was soon reclaimed by its owner, a Dalmatian cattle-driver, who stated that it had strayed from a herd belonging to the commissariat of the Austrian army. About a week after this unlucky visit, the cattle in the shed which had sheltered the Dalmatian beast began to sicken, and shortly afterwards died of a malignant pest. The season was fine, but unusually dry; the pest spread rapidly through the Count's herds, and from them extended widely, passing on to Milan, Ferrara, the Campagna of Rome and Naples, travelled through Sardinia and Piedmont, then through Dauphiny into France, traversed Switzerland, scaled the Mountains of the Tyrol, spread over Germany, and penetrated into Holland, from whence it is supposed to have been imported into England. Italy did not get rid of it for seven years. Pope Clement XI. lost between August, 1713, and May, 1714, 26,252 cattle in his States, and was so affected by the losses, that he published regulations for the suppression of the plague, on which our own Privy Council, during the existing attack, have made little improvement. The Pope ordered diseased cattle to be slaughtered, their hides to be slashed, so that they might not be used for making leather, and their carcasses to be buried along with quicklime. But, instead of the £20 penalty which our Privy Council exact for the infringement of the order, the Pope, after temporizing for some time, and trying mild measures, ultimately ordained that every man infringing these rules should be sent to the gallows if he were a laic, and to the galleys if he were an ecclesiastic. And yet, with these Draconic laws, it took the Pope nearly a year to expel the plague from his States. During this period Naples lost 70,000 and Piedmont 80,000 oxen, while the neighbouring countries suffered in a like proportion. We have fortunately a full account of this epidemic by two Italian physicians, Rammazini and Lancisi. The former calls the pest the 'pock-plague,' because it was characterized by pustular eruptions, and Lancisi is equally decided as to its eruptive character, saying, 'that the skin is infected with spots and pustules, so that some have thought that the oxen were destroyed, not by the plague, but by the pustular disease called small-pox.'

The paper proceeds to give a succinct history of the various cattle plagues which devastated the country from time to time, and by comparing the description of the disease at different periods by the respective observers, shows the identity of the murrains. With regard to the distemper itself, Professor Playfair tells us that, though at first there is no difficulty in tracing it, after a time its spread cannot be clearly marked. Dogs and sheep, pigeons and hens, have been known to carry it. The attendants on sick beasts, the veterinary surgeon himself may communicate it. The wind will spread it and the waters carry it from one place to another. "The rinderpest in its native steppes carries off about one half or 50 per cent. of the cattle which it attacks; when it reaches Hungary the mortality rises to 65 per cent.; and in our own country it was on its first appearance upwards of 90 per cent."

The contribution upon "Rough Nights' Quarters" is one of those pieces of occasion which must become deprived of interest

when the subject which has called them forth is dead. It takes for a theme the casual of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and strings upon the disclosures of Mr. Greenwood the most absurd and irrelevant gossip gathered from all quarters. The rationalism of the writer is despicable and his utter incapacity for seeing when he makes himself ridiculous is absolutely pitiable.

Passing on to the "Letters on the Education of Children," by "S. G. O.," we arrive at something distinguished by good sense and masculine English. The substance of the paper appeared in the *Times*. How true this is:—

"I have in the following pages pointed to the importance of regarding the brain of a child as very open to very early impressions. I own to a feeling of strong compassion for the performer, of a very different feeling towards the parent, when I am compelled to look upon and listen to a precocious child performing some of those mental feats of which weak parents are so proud. The exhibition of this infantine, mental acrobaticism, is to me simply hateful. It is sad folly to submit very young children and their nurses to the mutual irritation, which is required to carry out an excess of personal decoration. Even if the finished nursery picture, as shown in the drawing-room, attracts by its beauty, there is good reason to regret the cost at which it is produced. It may represent what is called the fashion; but being what it is, it makes the little dressed-out thing an object for the foolish flattery which, it is quick to perceive, it owes to its dress, rather than to any merit of its own. It is a training in slavery to the world, at a time when all good sense would pray to see the child protected from anything which can tend to make it an easy future prey to the world's worst follies. If this is an evil, it is far worse to behold children made to exhibit the results of precocious mental ability,—to hear them repeat a well-studied lesson, in poetry or prose, in the character of actors, thus brought forward to win applause. There are children whose active brain power can be put to a use which makes them as little conjurers, so wonderful are the intellectual feats the little things are thus qualified to perform. Now these are the very children who need most that the brain should be the least excited or overworked. There is cruelty in forcing the intellect of a dull child to try and overcome a sluggish brain; there is no less cruelty, with far more folly, in the seizing on a brain already too sensitive, too disposed to mental action—pushing its every power to develop those wonderful feats of memory of which it is capable, for the mere purpose of exhibition, and the taking toll from the audience, in unwise, indiscriminate praise."

The curious fact that a child apparently brought up in the most cautious and exemplary manner will occasionally express itself in shocking and almost horrible terms is thus commented on:—

"I have heard parents and medical men of high standing express astonishment at those most painful exhibitions of moral distortion which sometimes occur under attacks of the brain in young persons. The patient may have been most carefully brought up, and lived in the strictest consistency with such an education, and yet the lips have poured forth language so vulgar, so depraved in its nature, as to baffle all conception whence either the ideas or their form of utterance could have been derived. In the cases I have myself known, I have felt satisfied that there was a clear indication that it was the development of what had long lain dormant in the brain, a confused delivery of detached sentences and sentiments, just such as might have been carelessly, from time to time, used in the hearing of children, thought far too young to heed them, or, if they did, to attach any meaning to them. I could trace just such low, coarse talk as could easily be conceived to be that of servants of the lowest caste of mind. It was to me simply the effect of fever exciting the brain under some, to us, still mysterious fashion, and rousing up into expression matters once, and long since, received as in a dream, of which in a sane state there had been no recollection. I believe it is always found to be the rule that, on the abatement of this physical disturbance and the return of calm reason, no vestige of the moral distemper has remained, nor the slightest knowledge that it has even existed; nor in the future life could the closest watchfulness discover that this latent evil had any action on the character; in fact, it had risen as a shadow of something belonging to years long past, every recollection of which had been by time erased—it had returned to that oblivion from which the fever of the brain had reproduced it."

We are glad to find "S. G. O." raising his voice against the use of night terrors as a punishment for little children. We cannot imagine anything more mischievous than the introduction into the nursery of a number of cruel bugbears who are made by the maid to numb a child to quiet with absolute fear. "It is as false," he says, "as dangerous to set before a child a fear of other mysterious powers, awful to a child's mind, in which we ourselves do not believe; it may be spared to discover the deceit, but very often a certain amount of painful nervous disturbance will remain for life. When we regard the pressure which from first to last the human brain is subjected in these exciting days, we cannot be too careful how we treat it in the early days of its growth, it being then most susceptible of mischief." He also finds fault with parents for allowing children to read story-books which would tend to excite supreme emotions of dread in them, although these tales might to adults appear silly and harmless enough. This whole essay abounds with a fine domestic philosophy and a genial breadth of home sympathies which should find favour and popularity in every household.

From child culture we go to fish culture in a paper by Mr. Buist, containing a record of the "Stormontfield Piscicultural Experiments, 1853-66." Mr. Buist gives a pleasant and interesting record of the operations in the breeding-ponds. The ignorance prevailing until recently upon the natural history of salmon was, Mr. Buist says, astounding. So far back as 1832 Mr. Buist wrote a paper in the *Quarterly Journal of Agriculture* in answer to one

by Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, in which he propounded the startling doctrine that the parr was the young of the salmon. Though Mr. Buist was an expert, he was altogether wrong and Hogg was right. The story of the ponds at Stormontfield is well worth reading. The perils of the samlet are graphically described. The sea-gulls played great havoc among the little strangers:—

"As a specimen of the voracity of these gulls, I may mention that the keeper, having shot one of them, took out of its maw upwards of fifty of our young fish! Mr. Crockford, of the *Field* newspaper, who was then on a visit to the ponds, had the gull stuffed, and exhibited it in the window of the *Field* Office, Strand, London. On another occasion the keeper trapped a hen gull with two young ones busily feeding in the stream leading from the ponds to the Tay; but none of our fish were found in these birds, as plenty of small eels were then ascending the river. This year (1866) a long-legged heron was seen stalking about among the fry and gobbling them up. The keeper got out his gun and brought him down on the rising. On dying he vomited upwards of fifty of our fry. What must the young fish in the river suffer by such depredators flying about in hundreds, and picking them up to feed their own young ones at that season?"

"The Tract for the Times" is dull and stilted. It is like a sermon out of joint, a jumble of platitudes worked up into a heavy ethical pudding, such a production as only one of Lamb's Scotchmen could have written. "Spain in 1866" is an excellent and useful outline of the condition of the country. This paragraph, which bears the stamp of truth, throws a light on the present state of Spain, which indeed appears to be hopeless:—

"It is natural to suppose that amongst youth of the class we have described, literature can hold no place. Their reading is confined entirely to the rabid political papers of the day. Literature, indeed, in Spain is at a very low ebb. With one or two honourable exceptions, Spain possesses no writers of any eminence either in science or arts. The clergy, generally selected from the lower classes of the people, are ignorant, bigoted, and immoral. It is well known that the Church has a direct interest in preventing the spread of science and knowledge; and as education is entirely in her hands, we have the spectacle of a country that boasts, and with justice, of a Cervantes, a Calderon, and a Lope de Vega, not to mention many other celebrated writers, now almost unknown in literature, science, or art. The want of an education which can develop high and noble sentiments, joined to a natural innate love for double-dealing, creates in the Spaniard of the present day the system of intrigue and chicanery so prevalent. There is perhaps no country in the world where this vice is so rampant. Here, indeed, may we say with truth, 'each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies.' From the palace to the hovel a continued system of intrigue is in operation, each one endeavouring by all kinds of means and influence, fair or foul, to supplant his neighbour; and never is he so happy as when by some well-combined scheme he can tumble him from his place. It is by backstairs intrigues at the palace, carried on by priests and nuns and ladies of the Bedchamber, that almost all the successive Governments of Spain are turned out; it is never the effect of the voice of the nation; nor indeed can it be, seeing that the Cortes is always in favour of the Government, whose nominees the members are, and from whom they expect place or pension. Thus we have the spectacle, extraordinary in a so-called constitutional country, constantly occurring, that a Government retires having a majority of more than a hundred votes in the Chambers. As a consequence of this system, bribery in some form or other is the order of the day in Spain; intrigues must be met by counter-intrigues; dangerous enemies must be bought off; faithful friends must be rewarded."

The rest of "Odds and Ends" is composed of "The Highland Shepherd," a good character sketch; of "The Doctrine of the Correlation of Forces;" and "Bibliomania," an amusing salmagundi of literary gossip, which we previously noticed in another form.

#### A RUSSIAN STORY.\*

ENGLISHMEN can generally plead a perfectly valid excuse for their ignorance of Russian literature. They cannot be expected to be familiar with works written in a tongue totally unknown to them, and they can hardly be blamed for being unaware of the existence of authors whose writings form what are for them sealed books. The fact is to be deplored, but it can scarcely be wondered at. Of the rich vein of poetry which runs through the, by us, unheeded mine of Slavonic poetry, we can scarcely expect our countrymen to form anything like a fair conception, so great are the difficulties which beset the path of any but a very exceptional explorer. Now and then a specimen of its worth may be paraded before the eyes of all men, but the bulk of its wealth must long remain hidden from us by the veil of our ignorance; as little visible to us as is that vast quarry of mammoth tusks which lies far North, embedded in polar ice, but vaguely made known to Western eyes by the results of the labours undergone by the ivory hunters of Siberia. There are, however, a few Russian writers with whom it is comparatively easy to form an acquaintance; and the foremost among these is decidedly the author of the book which we are now about to discuss. Ivan Turgenev is a writer of whom any language or literature might well be proud, and accordingly, both in France and in Germany, his books have become, as it were, naturalized, and have acquired for him a widely-spread reputation. Most of his romances and sketches of country life have been admirably translated into

French and German; there is, therefore, but little excuse to be pleaded by English readers for their ignorance of his very remarkable merit. We hope that the present translation of one of his most striking works may call attention to a very original writer, one who is far more worthy of our approbation than many a foreign novelist whose name has become almost a household word among us.

The story of "Fathers and Sons" created an excitement in Russia when it first appeared, of which it is difficult for an English reader to form any idea. Allusions which, for foreigners, have little or no significance, were fraught with meaning for native hearers, and portraits, which we consider from a purely artistic point of view, were eagerly examined by them as likenesses or caricatures of their friends and foes. It is no mere romance which these chapters contain; it is not a narrative alone whether of town or of country, of love or of crime. It is an attempt to give in a series of pictures some idea of the generation which is rising up in Russia, and of that which is passing away; it is a careful study of the characteristics of two widely differing types of the same Slavonic species, the old Conservative and the young Radical party. As the author did not pronounce himself very decidedly in favour of either side, he, to a certain extent, displeased both. The elder generation strongly objected to his pictures of Fathers, the younger one declared that his portraits of Sons were gross caricatures. For some time after the publication of the book, which took place about five years ago, a furious storm raged in the literary and political world on the subject of its delinquencies. To us it seems, calmly examining the question from without, that the "Sons" had the most reason to complain. Belonging as he does to the elder generation, Turgenev has treated the foibles and vices of his contemporaries with a leniency which he does not always show towards the faults of his juniors. The elderly gentlemen of his tale are certainly not held up as models of perfection, but they are described with a genial kindness which renders them not a little attractive. The representative of the younger men, on the other hand, although he is often spoken of in terms of high praise, and is accredited with an unusual share of merits, is placed throughout in so unfavourable a light, that he can scarcely fail to appear forbidding and even repulsive. There may have been some truth in the charge which was brought against Turgenev by many of the pupils of the school which he had depreciated—that he had lived so long out of Russia that he was not capable of forming a correct judgment as to the aims and views of the party of progress in that country. But whether that be so or not, is of little importance to English readers. They will not take a very lively interest in the dispute which the present work originated. But they cannot fail to be deeply interested in the story itself, and to appreciate both the pathos and the humour with which it is richly endowed.

The hero of the tale, Bazarof, is a young medical man, who belongs to what is called the Nihilist party. He is represented as a thoroughgoing materialist and utilitarian, one who refuses to give credence to any form of belief until he has tested the grounds on which it rests, who utterly distrusts what others call the natural impulses of the human heart, who looks on the feelings as the most dangerous of guides, who wishes to analyze and dissect, even if by so doing he destroys, what others desire at all risks to preserve intact. The exact sciences alone seem to him worthy of study; as to poetry, music, painting, he looks upon them as futile and childish. Man's applause and woman's love he considers equally contemptible, and he seems to hold that the wheels of life ought to revolve as equably and dispassionately as those of some great mechanical apparatus. Such is the singular man who leaves his university for a time with the view of spending a few days at the country house belonging to the father of his friend and disciple, Arkadi Kirsanof. Arkadi is a naturally affectionate, impulsive, and credulous youth, but has been taught by Bazarof to tyrannize over his feelings and to starve his beliefs. Accordingly, he presents himself before his father, the feeble but genial old Nicholas Kirsanof, in the double capacity of stoic and sceptic. The contrast between the young man and the kind but somewhat foolish old gentleman is admirably maintained. Nor is the description of Paul Kirsanof, Arkadi's uncle, worthy of less praise. He is a polished man of the world, one who has but little principle, but who has the virtues as well as the vices of a thorough aristocrat. Of course, he and Bazarof are soon at daggers-drawn with each other, and their mutual dislike culminates in a quarrel which only a duel can terminate. Meantime, Bazarof and Arkadi have both fallen in love. Arkadi's philosophies and disbeliefs utterly desert him when he finds himself in the presence of a charmingly-described little maiden of seventeen. All the fine ideas he had talked about of progress and freedom and reform are driven out of his mind by the witchery of a girl's bright eyes and the music of her gentle voice; and he gives himself up as unreservedly to her influence as if he had never been emancipated from the thralldom of the passions, nor had ever soared in imagination into the realms of intellect. His is a happy fate, but Bazarof meets with a far different sentence. In spite of all his strength of will, he becomes the involuntary slave of a woman who gains his affections but only trifles with them—a strange, enigmatical being, consistent only in her cold selfishness. She leads him on to a declaration and then, after wavering for a moment, throws aside the heart she has won. He turns away, still more embittered than before, and seeks his father's house. The pictures of his life there are very charming. There is true pathos, freaked with many a touch of humour, in the description of his parents' loving anxiety to have him with them. His father adores him, but is so afraid of

\* *Fathers and Sons*. A Novel. By Ivan Sergheievitch Turgenev. Translated from the Russian, with the approval of the Author, by Eugene Schuyler, Ph.D. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. London: Sampson Low.

in any way offending him, that he represses all visible signs of the emotion which he knows his philosophic and enlightened son despises. There is something very touching in the account of all his little artifices to prevent the affection of his wife and himself from becoming an annoyance to their child, just as there is also in the description of the pains taken by old Nicholas Kirsanof to please his beloved Arkadi, and his ineffectual attempts to raise his thoughts and tastes to a level with those of his son. In both cases the struggle of the old man to become the sharer of the youth's thoughts and confidences proves ineffectual. A wide gulf separates the fathers from their sons, which no attempts, even of the most loving nature, can bridge over. But in Arkadi's case a fortunate and happy love brings him down to the level of his father's affection. Bazarof's ill-omened passion only makes that ill-starred sceptic more savage and more unyielding, until at last death comes and takes him away from the parents who idolize him. In the course of his medical practice he is struck down by a deadly fever. He sends a message to the woman for whom he had conceived so unfortunate a passion, and she comes and watches by his bedside, and kisses him before he dies. The whole of this scene is full of power, and the end of it, in which the poor old father and mother fall down together in their sorrow to the ground—"exactly like two lambs," says their servant, "in the heat of the day"—is most pathetic. Thus end all Bazarof's grand schemes. He imagined that he was going to rule the thought of his country and write his name enduringly upon her records, but all that he has acquired has been a humble tomb in a little village cemetery, to which an old and broken-hearted couple come every evening to weep over the grave of their only child and to pray for the peace of his soul.

There are many other merits in "Fathers and Sons" besides those to which we have called attention. The descriptions of scenery are excellent, always calling up a lively picture before the reader's eye, and always admirably harmonized with the tone of thought into which it has been intended that he should fall. We learn more from such a book as this, both as respects the outward semblance and the inner life of Russia, than from many a pretentious volume of travels in that country. With a few touches we have brought before us a picture which dwells long upon the memory, whether it be of winter's ghastly winding-sheet or of the bright, fresh verdure of spring, or of the dreamy shimmer of the summer light, the lazy languor that is then breathed in with the warm and dusty air. The little touches are excellent too, by which the sketches of peasant life are struck off, and so are those which are devoted to the various classes of servants. There is a pretender to philosophy also, Sanitkof, and a foolish lady of very advanced opinions, a Madame Kuekhina, who form the subjects of two exceedingly amusing caricatures. Turgenev has a quick eye for folly and weakness of every kind, and he is able in a very few words to give a ludicrous idea of absurdities which deserve to be laughed at. But he never renders ridiculous either persons who merit respect or things to which reverence should be attached. He knows well how to make his readers laugh with him, but he is also a writer who can never fail to gain their esteem.

#### THE MAGAZINES.

HER MAJESTY'S volume on the early life of the Prince Consort forms the basis of the first article in this month's *Fraser*. The subject is one of the most difficult on which a reviewer can have to write; for there is a danger, on the one hand, of running into an unfeeling and disrespectful bluntness, and, on the other, of adopting a tone of servility. The writer in *Fraser* has certainly avoided the first of these faults; we wish we could be equally sure that he had kept clear of the second. But the extreme bitterness with which he denounces those who have ventured to suggest that the Queen might not improperly, when more than five years have elapsed since the death of her husband, return a little to the public exercise of her exalted office, savours somewhat, by implication, of the spirit of flattery. The reviewer, indeed, is so resolved to see everything in the most favourable light that he is led into manifest contradictions. On his first page he ridicules the idea that the deterioration of manners and morals said to have been observable recently in the fashionable circles is attributable to the absence of the Queen—"as if her presence would have been a check upon licentiousness; as if the unappeasable regret of a wife for her husband was not more telling as an example, to any one whom example could profit, than if she gave receptions and glittered at state balls every day and night in the London season." Towards the end of the paper we read:—"Laws and Parliaments leave untouched the moral behaviour of the people; and it is no small matter whether the court is a scene of idle luxury, or a pattern of sobriety and moderation. Forty years ago" [here we have an enumeration of the delinquencies of that period, and the writer then continues:—] "The last generation has not been so intrinsically virtuous but that plenty of people would have liked to kick over the traces in those or similar fashions; and if royal persons had set the example, London society would have followed in their wake, as loyally as they even did in times past, or will do in times to come." The second proposition is surely at direct issue with the first. Passing to the next article, we find more fragments on the reign of Elizabeth from the posthumous papers of Mr. Buckle. The subject is "Bishops;" and the amount of information collected by the historian, on the varying power exercised by the episcopacy in different epochs, is remarkable for its fulness and scope. The moral sought to be evolved is that, in proportion as the Church has been powerful, the State has been degraded, the morals of Government have been depraved, and the liberties of the people have been endangered and destroyed; and the chapter concludes with

an eloquent denunciation of the modern Puseyites, whose opinions are characterized as "nothing but a malignant development of the worst form of Arminianism. Indeed," adds Mr. Buckle, "there is not to be found, even in the black records of ecclesiastical history, a single instance of opinions so unsocial, so subversive of all order, as those which these men are now shamelessly obtruding upon the world." Mr. S. Baring-Gould has translated or adapted from the Latin of a mediæval German chronicler a wild and striking legend entitled, "The Devil's Confession." The writer of the article on "University Reform" takes it for granted that, in the reformed and democratic Parliament with which the nation will shortly be furnished, there will be an irresistible demand for a liberal refashioning of the old seats of learning in England; and he himself is of opinion that that reform should include the abolition of tests, uniformity in the treatment of all religions, and a general popularizing of the universities, for the benefit of the whole nation. "Sport in the Nepal with Maharaja Sir Jung Bahadur, G.C.B.," will interest those who are fond of adventures with lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, and other such "fearful wild fowl." The paper on Earl Grey's collection of his father's correspondence with reference to the Reform Bill of 1832, need not detain us long, since it is little more than an abstract of the volume: it bears ample testimony to the ability and patriotism of the late Earl, and acknowledges the firmness and consistency with which the King supported him in carrying through the Bill, though he was originally not very well disposed towards its principle. Highly curious and interesting is the paper entitled "A Mandarin's Journey Across China in the Twelfth Century," in which we have a summary of an old Chinese topographical work, giving an account of the China of seven hundred years ago, which appears to have differed scarcely at all from the China of to-day. We have next an article on "The Famine in Orissa," the writer of which thinks the blame of that appalling tragedy rests in quite as great a degree on the Governor-General of India as on the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal. Four more chapters of "The Maratons" lighten the heavier matter, and the number winds up with a short story of the Italian war, entitled "A Reminiscence of 1859."

Of the two continuous novels in *Macmillan*, Mr. Henry Kingsley's "Silote of Silotes" is brought to a close, and Mrs. Norton's "Old Sir Douglas" advances to the seventy-fourth chapter. Lord Hobart contributes a thoughtful paper on "Working Men and War: the Moral of a Recent Crisis"—viz., the imminent hostilities in the spring between France and Prussia. In the opinion of his lordship, we are on the high road to the cessation of war among the nations of Christendom, though the end is probably still distant; the people—who are becoming the fountains of political power all over Europe—having already reached the conclusion that "nationalism" must give place to "internationalism," and that the interests of the civilized world generally are larger and greater than those of any one community. The noble writer's view is sanguine; but we have no doubt that the progress of liberty, of free trade, and of intercommunication, will render wars progressively of less and less probability. "Roman Flint Sparks" is an amusing paper—a little affected in style, however—on the flint implements found in "the drift" at the Ponte Molle, near Rome, and on the other antiquities dug up on the same spot, together with the strange old legends attaching to some of them. Of the human origin of the flint arrowheads, the writer says there can be no doubt; and they are found at a depth which indicates a vast antiquity. Some singular materials for thought have been collected by the writer of the article on "Personal Statistics," from which we learn that in many cases the collection of statistical information has entirely disproved popular impressions and long-settled dogmas. An interesting suggestion is made, that inquiries should be instituted for determining whether or not high mental culture impairs the physical health and reduces the duration of life; and in the meanwhile the writer publishes some observations of his own in connection with the Scottish bar, which, as regards mortality, are favourable, and, as respects mental sanity, unfavourable. Professor Bain's essay "On the Correlation of Force in its Bearing on Mind," is a thoughtful and valuable contribution to psychological literature, as anything from the pen of its author must necessarily be; but we cannot say that it throws any light on the great mystery of the connection between body and spirit—if the Professor will allow us to talk about spirit at all. Mr. F. G. Stephens contributes a piece of literary gossip about "The Portraits at Kensington;" and from Mr. J. S. Bertram we have an account of "Recent Foreign Fishery Exhibitions, and their Lessons," in which we find the following curious particulars concerning the fecundity of the herring:—"It is said that all the herrings that man, by exercising the greatest possible industry, can take from the sea, are not of any consequence whatever; or, in other words, that they do not in the slightest degree affect the supplies. Not to speak of the havoc that the millions of cod and other fishes make in the shoals, it has been calculated that the solan geese of St. Kilda alone require an annual supply of 214,000,000 of herrings. This is equal to 305,714 barrels; much more than the total average of herrings branded at all the north-east coast stations put together in any one of the last three or four years. The quantities eaten by fowls and fish at other places, and the number destroyed by other equally destructive agencies, are no doubt in proportion to those figures. The herring is thought to spawn twice a year, and one fish, at least, of that kind has been known to contain 69,000 eggs."

Foremost in the *Contemporary Review* is an article by the Rev. Dr. Hannah on "The Attitude of the Clergy towards Science," intended as an answer to some remarks of the Rev. Mr. Farrar and of Professor Tyndall on "the opposition of clergymen generally to scientific discovery." Dr. Hannah denies the fairness of the charge, and he certainly quotes a splendid array of names of clerical supporters of science, and even of clerical discoverers of scientific truths, ranging from early Christian times to the present day. But his adversaries would probably reply that these were merely splendid exceptions—men of unusually large mental powers, with so strong a natural bent towards science as to overcome, or at least to modify, the clerical element in their characters. The real question is, whether the clergy as a body, are jealous of the spread of science; and to this, which

we believe to be the real charge, the article does not seem to us to furnish an answer. It is very ably argued, however, and full of thought and information. Professor Mansel contributes some "Supplementary Remarks on Mr. Mill's Criticism on Sir William Hamilton," occasioned by Mr. Mill's reply to the Professor's previous criticisms—a metaphysical squabble in which we will not involve ourselves. The Very Rev. Principal Tulloch continues his "Studies in the History of Religious Thought in England," furnishing a good account of that interesting old divine, William Chillingworth; and from Mr. Edward Dowden we have the first of a series of papers on "The Philosophy of Goethe," expressing a very high estimate of the metaphysical tendencies of that extraordinary man. The other articles are—"The Commission on Ritualism," "The Public School Latin Primer," "The Easter Controversies of the Second Century in their Relation to the Gospel of St. John," and "Notices of Books."

The *Cornhill* for this month brings its article upon Pedestrianism in Spain to a conclusion, and supports it by a most thoughtful and exceedingly well-written essay upon the *rationale* of recreation, entitled "Off for the Holidays." There is another capitally suited to the month, called the "Shootings of Kamptully," in which we have a good deal of sporting life very neatly sketched off. The writer, after having gone over to the north of Ireland, and whipped without the smallest success one of the best salmon-rivers, recrosses to Glasgow, makes his way to Perth, finds himself in the midst of that rather odd gathering of sporting men going north, which the Perth railway station presents at this time of the year. He at length reaches the lodge of his friend "the MacBirdie of Kamptully, and MacBirdie, M.P.," and gives a description of the sport which he finds upon the moors of his host, which must make the mouth of many an unfortunate stay-at-home water. Poaching is also a subject rather of the season, and in the article devoted to it we are let into just so much of the inner life of the poacher as will rob that person of most of the romance with which some people surround him. Although the writer speaks evidently from the landowner and game-preserver point of view, he maintains a thoroughly unprejudiced position throughout. "The House that Scott Built" is an article describing the new East India Offices in Downing-street, looked at from an old Company-servant point of view. The writer some years ago contributed to the *Cornhill* an equally agreeable article upon the old East India House in Leadenhall-street, and entitled "The House that John Built." "Jottings from the Note-book of an Undeveloped Collector" is a paper full of interest. It abounds in anecdotes connected with the productions of some of the great masters.

*Belgravia* has made a slight venture into politics, and with considerable success. In Mr. E. R. Russell's article, "Sessio Mirabilis," we are presented with an exceedingly well-written review of the progress of the Reform Bill through the House of Commons. Mr. Walter Thornbury in this number commences his series of papers upon the "London Parks," which promise to equal his "London Squares" in interest. "A Norman Watering-place" is rather a lively description of the mode in which our French neighbours do their sea-bathing, but the subject is one upon which so much has been said and written that there is absolutely no room for anything like novelty. "A Ride from Bude to Boss by Two Oxford Men," details the sayings and doings of two young men during a tour in Cornwall. To have done and said what is here described, the two Oxford men in their youth must have been about as stupid and as silly a pair as ever the University sent forth, and if we are to form any judgment from the article, one of them at least has succeeded in maintaining his youthful peculiarities. A more stupid contribution to Magazine literature we have seldom seen. The ride from Bude to Boss is appropriately followed by an article called "Camp Life at Wimbledon," which is a silly description of the yet more silly adventures of a young gentleman upon that volunteer playground. We are glad to observe that in the next number of *Belgravia* are to appear the opening chapters of a novel by Mr. Percy Fitzgerald, called "Diana Gay."

*Tinsley's Magazine* brings the adventures of Dr. Brady to the eighth chapter, presents its readers with the first three chapters of Mr. Edmund Yates' new novel, "The Rock Ahead," which gives promise of much interest. "September in England" is the title of a few well-written verses, accompanied by a very fine illustration. "Refusers" is an article devoted to the natural history of those young ladies who lay themselves out for the rejection of suitors. Aunt Anastasia on pretty Prayer-books is a prosy and weak production, with a repulsive title. It is succeeded by a paper apparently also somewhat clerical in origin, called "Our Lake Land," descriptive of society in Cumberland and Westmoreland about sixty years ago. "At the Bains de Mer," and describes those fashionable watering-places, Villerville, Trouville, and Beauville, in their rise and the appearance which they now present. "Taking the Air" is an interesting account of two balloon voyages, one with Mr. Coxwell, and the other in the fire-balloon of M. Godard, the latter expedition appears to have been one in which arrangements for the coolness, if not for the general comfort of the travellers, were rather deficient.

The visit with which we have recently been honoured from the Viceroy and Sultan seems to have suggested to *London Society* two papers upon the East—one, "Gossip from Egypt," being descriptive of some of the events which preceded the accession of the present Viceroy, and the other "The Sultan and Viceroy in Egypt," being an account of the visit of Abdul Aziz to Egypt in 1865. The paper is open to the disadvantage of being not unlike the letters of a newspaper special correspondent redished, but it is by no means without interest. "Mr. Felix on the Moors" appears to be by way of supplement to the fishing exploits of that gentleman, which formed the subject of one of the papers in the last number of *London Society*. Mr. Felix on this occasion is rather amusing, and conducts himself just after the manner that one could imagine a Cockney sportsman ignorant of the use of fire-arms to act. "The Queen and Prince Albert" is a review of her Majesty's book, and "Threading the Mazy at Islington" is rather a humorous description of the recent Belgian ball. The article called "Phases of London Society" does not in itself call for much remark, but the illustration which accompanies it is one of the most execrable

it has ever been our ill fortune to look at. If the Hon. Hugh Rowley cannot produce something less offensive, he ought to give way to those who can. *London Society* concludes with a sensibly-written article upon the prevailing style of dress.

The *Month* is a little less theological than usual. We find in it an article on "The Latest Arctic Discoveries," in which the explorations of the late Dr. Kane, and of his fellow-voyager and successor, Dr. Hayes, are summarily related; a paper on "Liverpool and Canning," sketching—though rather slightly sketching—the political lives of those statesmen; further "Scenes from a Missionary Journey in South America," describing Rio Janeiro, Sancta Catharina, Rio Grande, and Porto Alegre; an essay on military organization generally, and the organization of the French army in particular, founded on General Trocher's recently published pamphlet, and abounding in very noteworthy matter; and the first of a series on "The History of Galileo," designed to place the writings and actions of the great Italian philosopher in what the writer regards as their true light—that is to say, a light more favourable to the Roman Catholic Church.

The *Dublin University* seems as if it could never write enough on the subject of the drama and its followers, literary and bistrionic. In the present issue we have articles on "The French Theatre before Molière," and "Garriek," who appears to be the great hero of this Magazine. The other contents, besides the fiction, are on the "Fall of the Monasteries" and "One of our Old Chronicles"—to wit, "The Chronicle Scotorum." All are full of excellent reading, with matter in it superior to the flummery which is too often found in periodical literature.

The *St. James's*, following an example that has been set by most of the other monthlies, has an account of a pedestrian tour. The route is along the coast of Devon and Cornwall, and although the article is somewhat deficient in strength, it is not without some fair descriptions of scenery in the neighbourhood of the places visited. "Climbing the Fell" is another holiday paper, and describes the ascent of Seawall, in the Isle of Arran. The concluding article is devoted to an account of the gambling-houses of New York, where, notwithstanding the law against it, gambling seems to prevail to a considerable extent.

The two engravings in the *Art Journal* for this month are from Sant's picture, "The Fair Correspondent" and Richardson's "Christopher Sly" (Taming of the Shrew), and both are very beautifully executed.

The *Quiver* opens with an article of Dr. Livingstone, which contains a sketch of the great traveller's life down to the time of his supposed murder. Among the other articles, we may mention as one of the most interesting the historical sketch of "St. Bartholomew, Smithfield." The stories in the *Quiver* are all well written and interesting, and the engravings in both the Magazines deserve the very highest praise.

The September part of *Cassell's Magazine*, in addition to its serial story, by Mr. F. W. Robinson, called "Ann Judge, Spinster," and several entertaining novelettes, has a capital selection of general articles. Mr. Arthur Locker's lines, "The Old Alarum," are charmingly pretty.

We have also received the *Victoria Magazine*, the *Argosy*, the *London*, *Aunt Judy's Magazine*, the *People's Magazine*, the *Sunday Magazine*, *Good Words*, the *Leisure Hour*, the *Sunday at Home*, the *British Controversialist* and *Literary Magazine*, the *Eclectic and Congregational Review*, the *Evangelical Magazine*, *Our Boys' Magazine*, and the *Cottager and Artisan*.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

NOVEL-READING, and light literature generally, recently formed the subjects of a leading article in a daily contemporary, in default of other topics more germane to the character of a morning journal. The writer remarks on the desire existing in the hot days of autumn, and in the general stagnation of events which commonly ensues about this period of the year, to refresh the mind with the genial stimulant of fiction and essay-writing. "The power once held by the minstrel," we are told, "is now transferred to the story-teller." Magazines and reviews have become our chief mental food, and they are in especial demand in the height of the holiday season. The writer of the article in question does not disapprove of this state of things, but sees in it a positive good, since men now drive away their troubles by a brilliant story, rather than by recourse to the bottle, as of old. Still, he apprehends a danger—the danger of "flippant versatility" being "preferred to sound knowledge." He thinks "it would be better if politics and philosophy were preferred to fiction, if Locke and Adam Smith were more popular than Mr. Dickens," &c. This is the mistake into which most writers on the subject fall. Politics and philosophy would no more stand in the place of fiction and poetry than fiction and poetry would answer the purposes of politics and philosophy. Neither Locke nor Adam Smith could in the smallest degree effect the particular kind of good which it is the happy privilege of the imaginative writer to produce. Each class of authors has its own admirable work to perform, and it is an injury to mental development to neglect either. The severer order of literature exalts and strengthens the mind; the more ornamental department gives grace and sweetness to the character, enlarges our sympathies, and quickens our sense of beauty, besides fulfilling the very useful purposes of entertainment and pleasurable relaxation. We wish the defenders of light literature would take a little higher ground, and not simply apologize for the *belles lettres* on the score of their being a harmless folly, and something rather better than debauchery. Of course we are only too well aware that a good deal of our light literature is idle and worthless; but that has nothing to do with the general question.

The Continental papers publish a delicious letter from M. Alexandre Dumas to the Emperor Napoleon. Being unable to obtain from one of the public libraries of Paris certain documents which he required to give historical accuracy to a novel on which he is now engaged—

"Les Blancs et les Bleus"—he addressed the subjoined communication to the head of the State:—"Illustrious Confrère,—When you undertook to write the 'Life of the Conqueror of the Gauls,' all the libraries were eager to place at your disposal the documents which they contain. The result is a work superior to others, in the circumstance that it brings together the greatest number of historical documents. Engaged at the present moment in writing the life of another Cæsar, named Napoleon Buonaparte, I require documents relating to his appearance on the scene of this world. In brief, I should like to have all the pamphlets which the 13th Vendémiaire brought forth. I have asked for them at the library; they have been refused. There remains to me no other means than to apply to you, my illustrious confrère, to whom nothing is refused, to beg you to ask for these works in your own name, at the library, and to be good enough, when you shall have received them, to place them at my disposal. If you will be so kind as to grant this request, you will have rendered me a service which, in a literary sense, I shall never forget.—I have the honour to be, with respect, illustrious author of the 'Life of Cæsar,' your very humble and most grateful confrère, ALEXANDRE DUMAS."—The next day, the writer received through M. Daruy the pamphlets asked for. We hope that in gratitude he will dedicate the forthcoming novel to his "illustrious confrère."

We find a curious article in the *Bookseller*, entitled "Notes upon Comic Periodicals," suggested, we suppose, by the recent glut in productions of that character. It traces their history from the days of the *Scourge*, started in 1811, and illustrated by George Cruikshank, to the existing moment, with its latest rival to *Punch*, just issued under the name of *Banter*. Of satirical weekly and monthly journals, the name has been legion; but most have been short-lived, many lasting only for a few weeks. A long list is published in the *Bookseller*, but there are some omissions. We find no mention of *Judy*, the earliest rival to *Punch*, or of *Joe Miller the Younger* (issued in 1845, under the editorship of F. W. N. Bailey), or of *Mephistophiles* (1846) or of the *Clown* (about the same date), or of *Pasquin* (1849-50), or of the *Penny Punch* (1849). We believe, moreover, it is a mistake to say that Douglas Jerrold did not write in *Punch* until the eighth or ninth number; if we mistake not, he wrote in the second, and from thenceforward pretty regularly. It is a strange thing, also, to rank "Cruikshank's Comic Almanack" and Hood's "Comic Annual" among comic monthlies; while Hood's *Magazine* belongs to a different class of literature altogether.

Mr. Anthony Trollope's promised *Magazine*, it appears, is not, as originally intended, to be called the *New Metropolitan*—a very stupid title, since it was identifying the new venture with an old failure—but *St. Paul's*. The change, doubtless, is for the better, but the title, as altered, is not a good one. The success of the *Cornhill* has set a fashion for names derived from localities, though very often the designation has nothing to do with the things so designated. It is always, however, the sign of a rather pitiful ambition to follow a fashion simply because it is the fashion—we mean, of course, in matters higher than coats and waistcoats. We should have thought Mr. Trollope might have hit upon a better name; but he probably reckons upon success, whatever his title may be, and, if there is really room for yet another monthly, we can well understand that he is one of the most likely men to secure a good place. The first number of *St. Paul's* is to be issued on the 18th of October, price one shilling. Fiction will of course be a prominent feature; but art, politics, and general literature will also be included. The opening chapters of a new novel, by Mr. Trollope, illustrated by J. E. Millais, will appear in No. 1.

Messrs. Harper Brothers, of New York, say that they have paid Mr. Dickens the following sums for advanced sheets of his books:—For the "Tale of Two Cities," £1,000; for "Great Expectations," £1,250; for "Our Mutual Friend," £1,000; for "Bleak House," £400; and for "Little Dorrit," £250. This certainly speaks very highly for the honourable feeling of the house in question, seeing that they can secure no copyright in English works, but may at any time be under-

The *Bookseller* calls attention to the fact that old Paternoster-row and its adjuncts—the immemorial head-quarters of the publishing and book-retailing trades—have been to a great extent rebuilt of late years. House after house has been pulled down and remodelled, and the locality has now rather a smart appearance, instead of its former look of learned sobriety and dingy respectability. It has simply shared the fate of many of the other old neighbourhoods of London in these days of fast and furious reconstruction; but some of the ancient houses had their associations with former generations of literary men and their publishers, and on that account we are sorry to miss them.

The pressure which the Turkish Government has unwisely exerted on the national press in Turkey has had the result of leading to the establishment of a Turkish newspaper in London. This journal, entitled the *مؤرخ* (*Mouchbir*), has just appeared. It is the organ of the Liberal party in Turkey, called *la Jeune Turquie*. This phenomenon is a tribute to the free institutions of England as well as a proof of the progress of public opinion in Turkey. Some of the articles in it are greatly in advance of anything of the kind ever written before in Turkish, the editor, Suavvi Effendi, combining a wonderful mastery of his own language with European enlightenment. He proposes by this organ to perfect the Turks in their own language, which has hitherto been in a somewhat chaotic state, and to impart to them by that medium the various branches of European education, history, geography, &c., as well as an insight into the politics of their own and foreign nations.

A ludicrous misprint occurs in a trade organ in an obituary paragraph on Mrs. Austin, the translator of Ranke's "History of the Popes." She is described as having translated "Ranke's, Pope's, and other works." The same journal calls the old metrical romance recently published by the Early English Text Society "Eger and Crime," instead of "Eger and Grime."

The library at Lambeth Palace has been suddenly closed, and its

librarian, Professor Stubbs, dismissed. The cause of this act, which will be very greatly regretted by the literary world, is that, by an Act of Parliament passed last year, the maintenance of the library and the payment of the librarian devolved on the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, who, it appears, have declined to make the necessary provision.

The French poet, Charles Beaudelaire, author of "Fleurs du Mal," "Paradis Artificiels," and a translation of the words of Edgar Allan Poe, has just expired in a lunatic asylum, in his forty-seventh year. He was a man of genius, with an insane love of horribly vicious subjects.

A few of the literary friends and fellow-workers of the late Robert B. Brough, the poet, humorist, and burlesque-writer, propose to erect a simple memorial over his grave in the cemetery, Regent's-road, Manchester, in which city he died, very prematurely, in June, 1860.

The Viceroy of Egypt has presented the French Society of Men of Letters with the sum of £1,000, with which to found a free admission to the College Chaptal.

Rudolph Weigel, the well-known book and print-seller of Leipzig, and a celebrated collector of rare works of art, prints, &c., died a short time since, after a long and painful illness.

A street in Boston (U.S.) is named Tennyson-street, after our chief living poet.

Mr. Samuel Ferguson, Q.C., author of "Forging the Anchor," and of some smaller poems, published in *Magazines*, has been appointed head of the New Record Office, in Dublin, at a salary of £800 a year.

A new translation of the two first books of the odes of Horace, by Dr. James Walter Smith, the well-known author of a series of legal handbooks will shortly be published by Mr. Effingham Wilson. It is a metrical version, each ode being translated in a corresponding number of English lines.

Professor Stowe's new work, "The Origin and History of the Books of the New Testament, Canonical and Apocryphal, designed to show what the Bible is not, and what it is, and how to use it," is just ready in 1 vol.

The negro population of the United States have eight newspapers edited and got up entirely by coloured people.

The first volume of *Cassell's Magazine*, containing 480 pages quarto, with 96 original illustrations, including 6 full-page frontispieces, separately printed on plate paper, will be ready in a few days, handsomely bound in cloth gilt, price 5s. Messrs. CASSELL, PETER, & GALPIN will also shortly publish the first volume (price 7s. 6d.) of "Cassell's Illustrated Penny Readings."

Mr. Goldwin Smith's "Three English Statesmen" has been published in a "People's Edition." The statesmen criticised are Pym, Cromwell, and Pitt.

The *Orchestra* is enabled to announce a forthcoming work of interest to the musical and literary worlds—a volume of new songs by Tennyson, with music by Arthur S. Sullivan.

Messrs. Routledge & Sons state that 100,000 of the first number of their "international" *Magazine* have been already sold.

Messrs. Bell & Daldy have removed their publishing offices from Fleet-street to the premises in York-street, Covent-garden, lately occupied by Mr. H. G. Bohn, whose business and stock they have purchased.

An edition of the late Mrs. Austin's "Story Without an End," illustrated with sixteen coloured drawings by "E. V. B.," reproduced in chromo-xylography, will be published in the autumn by Messrs. SAMPSON LOW, SON, & MARSTON.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

- Besant (W. H.), *Elementary Hydrostatics*. New edit. Fcap., 4s.  
 Bourne (J.), *Treatise on the Screw Propeller*. New edit. Royal 4to., £3. 3s.  
 Brown (Rev. J.), *Concordance to the Scriptures*. New edit., revised by S. Ives. 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Browne (J. R.), *The Land of Thor*. Cr. 8vo., 8s. 6d.  
 Burton (Rev. E. T.), *Contemplations on Israel's Exodus*. Cr. 8vo., 3s.  
 Carpenter (J. E.), *New Scotch Song Book*. Fcap., 1s.  
 —, *New Irish Song Book*. Fcap., 1s.  
 Cornish's *Guide to Birmingham*. 18mo., 1s.  
 Cox (E. W.), *The Arts of Writing, Reading, and Speaking*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
 Cruden's *Concordance to the Scriptures*. Edited by J. Eadie. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Cumming (Rev. J. G.), *The Great Stanley; or, James, 7th Earl of Derby*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Doyle (Martin), *Hints for Small Farmers*. Fcap., 1s.  
 Easy Rhymes and Simple Poems. New edit. 18mo., 1s.  
 Fletcher (J. O.), *Railways in their Medical Aspects*. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.  
 Frost (Rev. P.), *Analecta Græca Minora*. New edit. Fcap., 3s. 6d.  
 Guyon (Madame), *Short and Easy Method of Prayer*. Fcap., 2s. 6d.  
 Hoppin (J. M.), *Old England: its Scenery, Arts, and People*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Hunter (Rev. J.), *Modern Arithmetic, Key to*. 12mo., 5s.  
 Jeans (T.), *The Tommiebeg Shootings*. New edit. Fcap., 2s.  
 Knight (W.), *The Arch of Titus, and the Spoils of the Temple*. Fcap. 4to., 10s.  
 Lingard's *History of England*. Abridged by J. Burke. 12th edit. Fcap., 5s.  
 Lilliput Levée. New edit. 16mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Lord (W. B.), *Crab, Shrimp, and Lobster Lore*. Fcap. 1s.  
 Lonsdale (H.), *Worthies of Cumberland*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Longland (Rev. C. P.), *Plain Sermons on some Questions in Holy Scripture*. Fcap., 1s.  
 Murray's *Handbook of France*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 12s.  
 —, *Switzerland*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 10s.  
 Newall (J. T.), *Hog-Hunting in the East*. 8vo., 21s.  
 Parker (F. F.), *Truth without Novelty*. 3rd edit. Fcap., 3s.  
 Percy (T.), *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. New edit. Fcap., 5s.  
 Precept upon Precept. By the Author of "Line upon Line." Part I. 18mo., 2s. 6d.  
 Spencer (J.), *Things New and Old*. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 12s. 6d.  
 Steinmetz (A.), *Everybody's Weather Guide*. 8vo., 1s.  
 Swain (M.), *The Celebrated Jumping Frog of Calaveras County*. Fcap., 1s.  
 Tenants (The) of Malory: a Novel. By J. S. Le Fanu. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.  
 Thibaudin (A.), *Dictionnaire des Verbes Conjugues*. New edit. Royal 8vo., 6s. 6d.  
 Tyrell (J. De Roxy), *Grammar of Household Words, English and French*. New edit. 12mo., 3s. 6d.  
 Vickers (J.), *Imagination and Rationalism*. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.  
 Warne's *Picture Playmate*. Vol. II. Royal 8vo., 3s. 6d.  
 Wilcox's *Papa's Tables*. 6th edit. Edited by M. Marriott. Cr. 8vo., 10s.  
 Wilde (S. W.), *Lough Corrib: its Shores and Islands*. Cr. 8vo., 10s. 6d.  
 Yates (B.), *Broken to Harness*. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 6s.